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GIANT CRACKED

FUN KIT

"A COLLECTION OF
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PAST ISSUES OF
CRACKED MAGAZINE"

PUBLISHER: ROBERT C. SPROUL

ARTISTS: A SAMPLING OF THE BEST FROM
PEN AND BRUSH OF AMERICA'S
FOREMOST HUMOR DRAWERS

WRITERS: A TREASURE TROVE OF LAUGHS
BY THE FUNNIEST MEN IN THE WORLD

PROFEREEDER: ANNABELLE ROSENFOOTS

JANITOR: SYLVESTER P. SMYTHE

CRACKED FLIP THE CELEBRITIES



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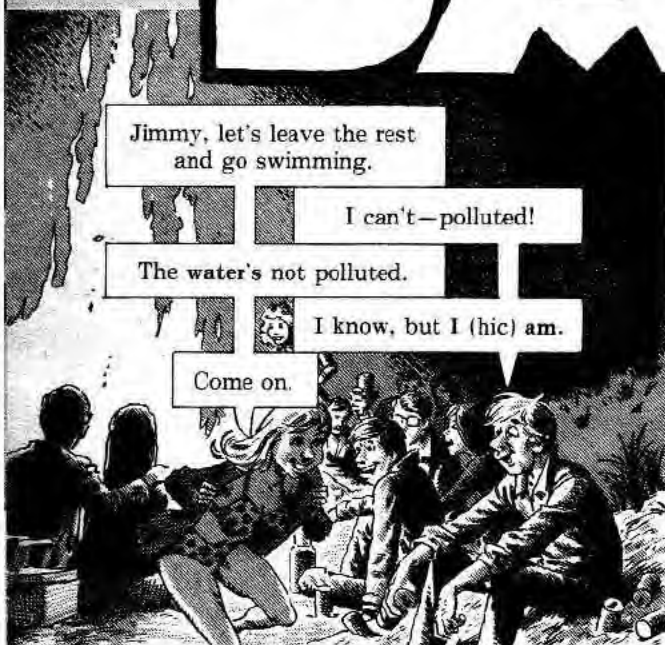
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Every so often a movie comes along that needs no introduction. Unfortunately, the **CRACKED** satire of it does and so we've gotta kill a few inches of space. Someone asked us what the movie was about—well, without giving too much of it away, it's about two hours. O.K., that looks like enough of an intro, so without further ado, get ready to sink your teeth into this newest parody from movieland entitled

JAWZ

SEVERIN



Jimmy, let's leave the rest and go swimming.

I can't—polluted!

The water's not polluted.

I know, but I (hic) am.

Come on.

How's the (hic) water?

It's biting cold, but I ... Ahh!!
SOMETHING'S GOT ME BY THE TOE—
SOMETHING'S EATING ME!

Something's always (hic) eating you. You're too (hic) high-strung.



You the one who called about a missing girlfriend?

Yes, Sheriff.

Well son, good news and bad news. The bad news is we found her bathing suit.

So, what's the good news?



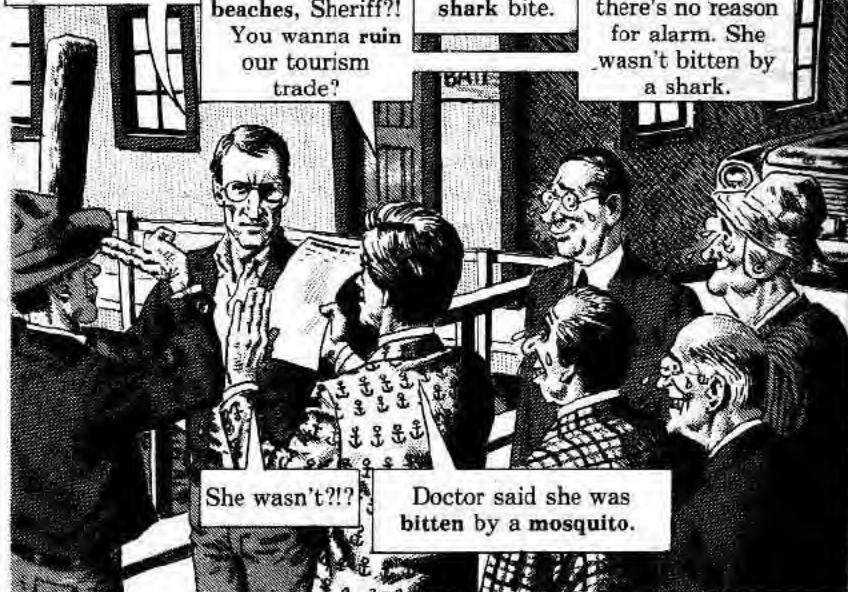
The bathing suit's not chewed up!

Hendrix, go to the shed and get out the "Beach Closed" signs.

Wait! What's all this about closing the beaches, Sheriff?! You wanna ruin our tourism trade?

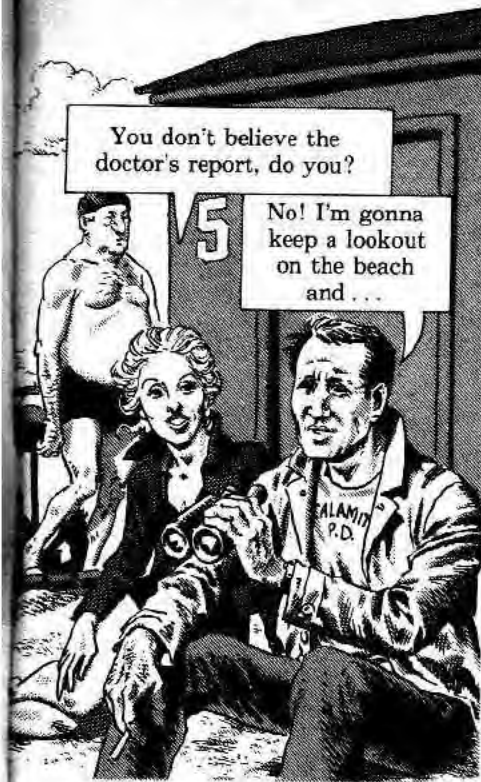
We found a girl this morning and we think she died of a shark bite.

Well, the coroner's report just came in and there's no reason for alarm. She wasn't bitten by a shark.



She wasn't?!?

Doctor said she was bitten by a mosquito.



You don't believe the doctor's report, do you?

No! I'm gonna keep a lookout on the beach and ...



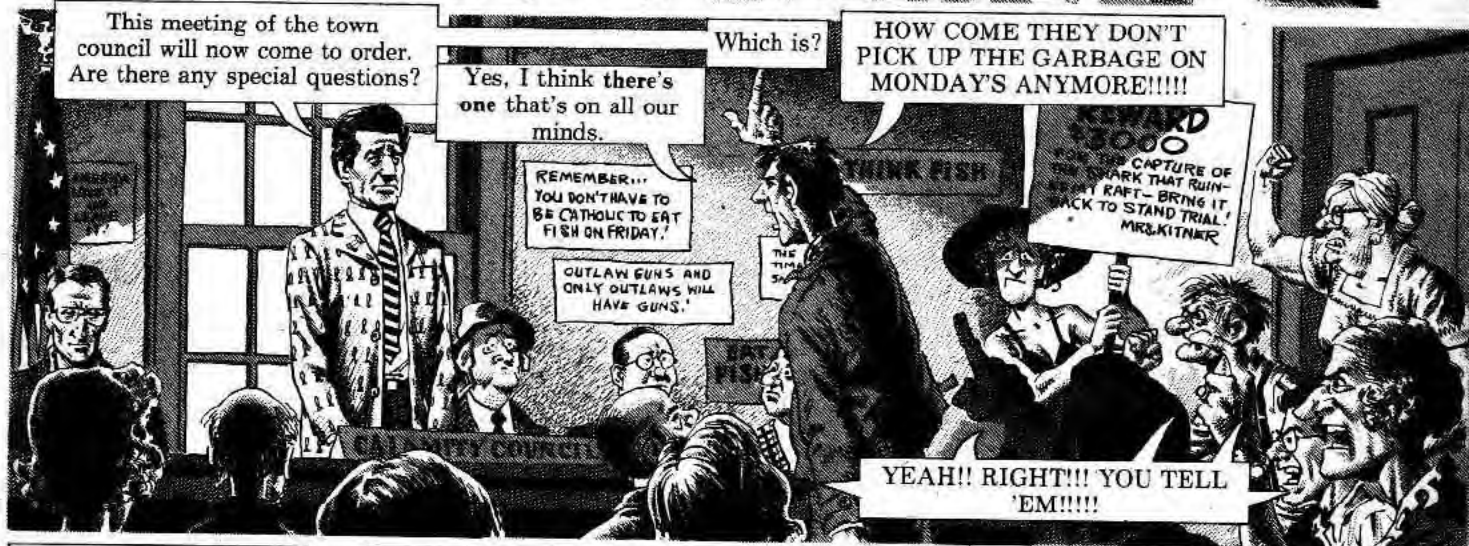
Uh oh!

Oh my gosh... oh no! Help!

Don't panic, Mrs. Kitner.



Don't panic! Easy for you to say! That darn shark just ate my son and ruined a good \$15 raft!!



This meeting of the town council will now come to order. Are there any special questions?

Yes, I think there's one that's on all our minds.

Which is?

HOW COME THEY DON'T PICK UP THE GARBAGE ON MONDAY'S ANYMORE!!!!

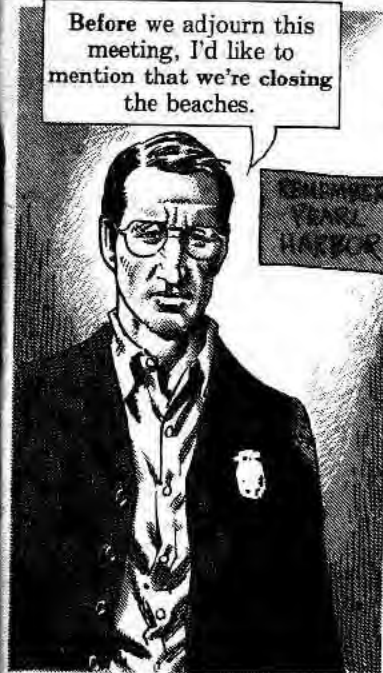
REMEMBER... YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE CATHOLIC TO EAT FISH ON FRIDAY!

OUTLAW GUNS AND ONLY OUTLAWS WILL HAVE GUNS!

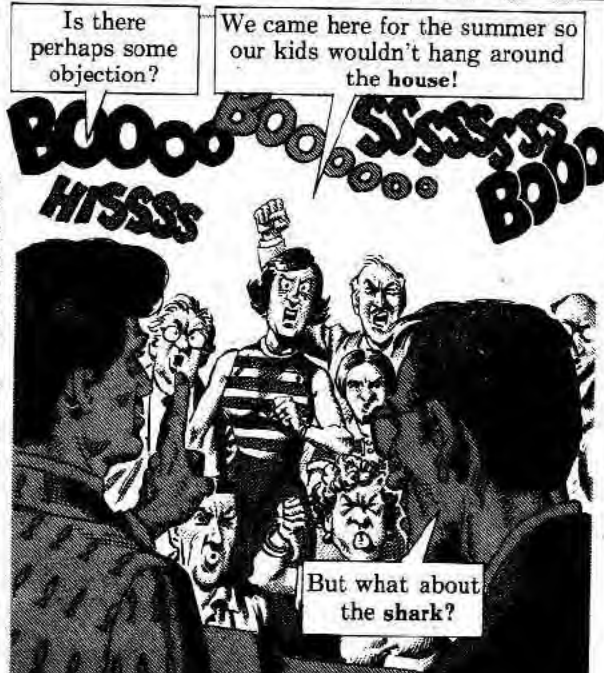
THINK FISH

REWARD \$3000 FOR THE CAPTURE OF THE SHARK THAT RUINED MY RAFT - BRING IT BACK TO STAND TRIAL! MRS. KITNER

YEAH!! RIGHT!!! YOU TELL 'EM!!!!



Before we adjourn this meeting, I'd like to mention that we're closing the beaches.



Is there perhaps some objection?

We came here for the summer so our kids wouldn't hang around the house!

But what about the shark?



It's a tough world, Sheriff. Our kids have to learn sometime to live with the good AND the bad.

...OR EVEN THE UGLY!

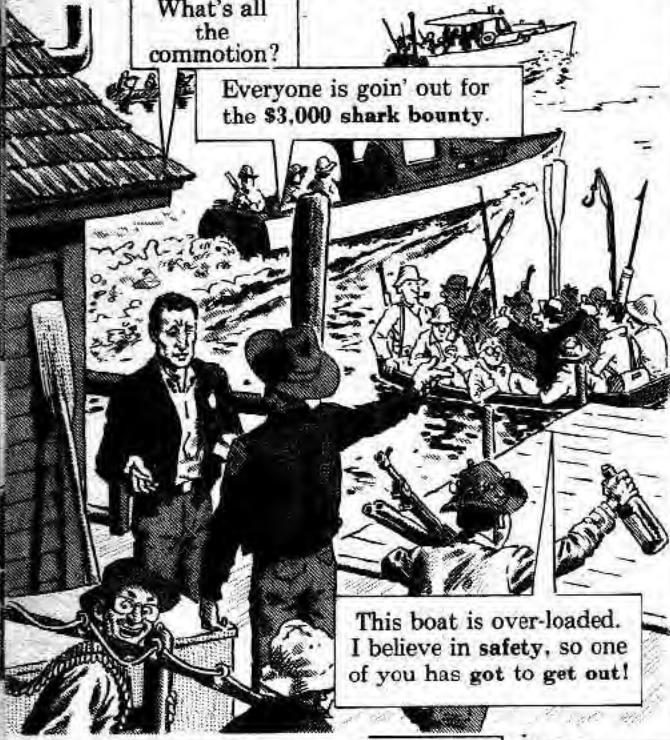
HIGHLY DETAILED
AND POWERFUL
THAT YOU
CAN CHASE!

Everyone is nuts! They actually demanded that the beaches be kept open. But from now on, until this shark is caught, neither you or the kids are goin' in the water. AND THAT INCLUDES YOU TOO, MIKEAL! I WANT YOU OUT OF THE WATER THIS MINUTE!!



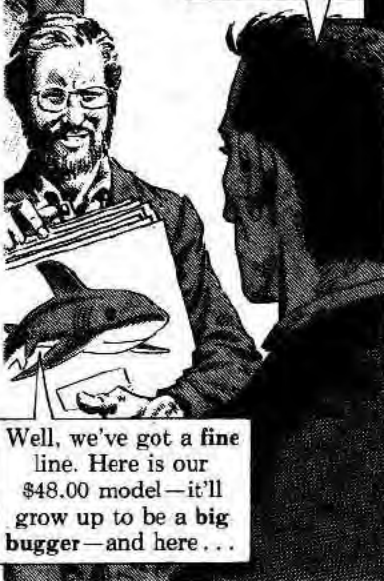
What's all the commotion?

Everyone is goin' out for the \$3,000 shark bounty.



I'm Mott Hoople from the Oceanographic Institute. You called about a shark.

Yes we did.



No! Wait! We have a shark already! What we want to do is get RID of it!!

Oh!... I'm sorry, but we don't accept returns after 7 days.



Sheriff, they got the shark! They're posing with it over there for the reporters!

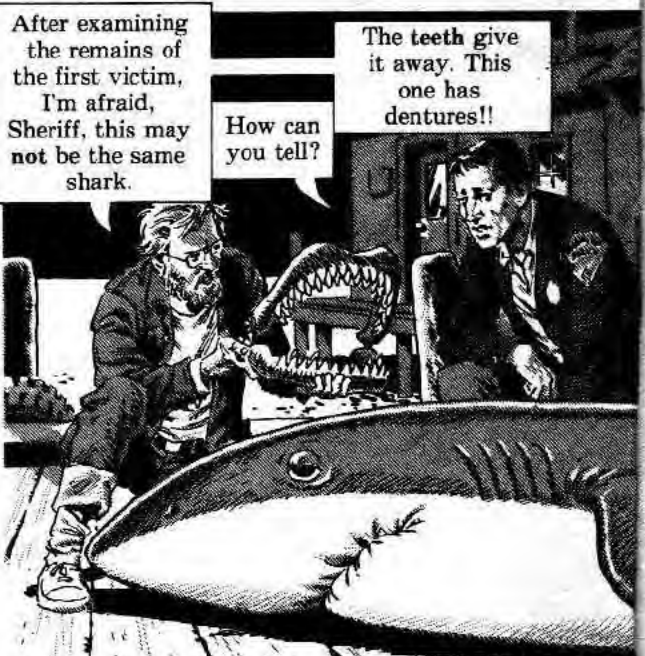
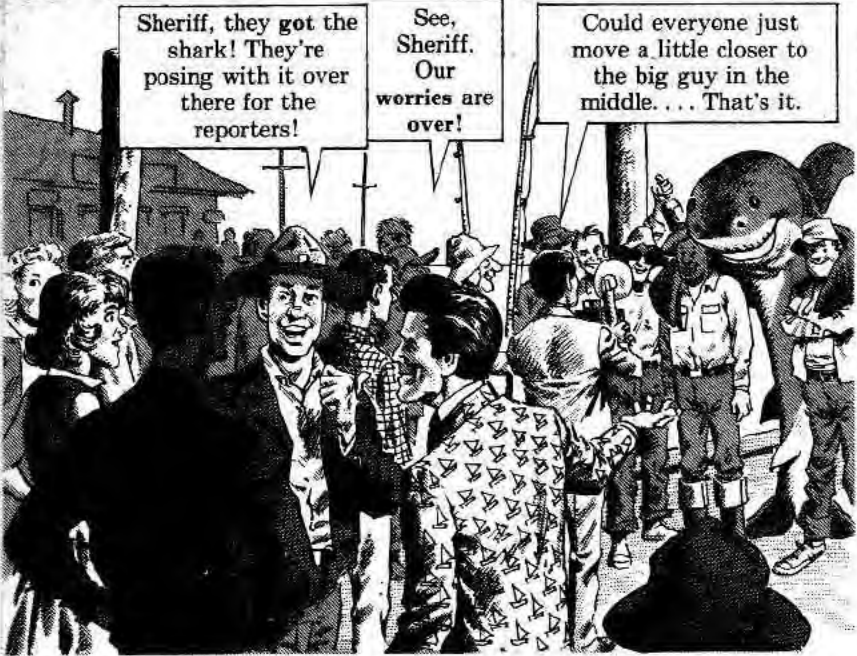
See, Sheriff. Our worries are over!

Could everyone just move a little closer to the big guy in the middle. ... That's it.

After examining the remains of the first victim, I'm afraid, Sheriff, this may not be the same shark.

The teeth give it away. This one has dentures!!

How can you tell?



To be sure, though, we have to cut it open. It takes 24 hours for them to digest, so the boy would still be inside.

What about the raft?

Certainly!

Great! We find that, and I can get Mrs. Kitner off my back.

Well, this was everything I found inside his stomach and there's no boy. It's definitely the wrong shark.

What a waste!

Not really. Look at the neat pair of galoshes I found.

And the shark scare is definitely over, Mayor?

Oh yes. Our beaches are 100% safe.

Of course our waters may still contain a hazard or two.

Squint, we're taking you up on your offer — \$10,000 to catch the great white. But me and Hoople, here, have got to go along.

Can you tie knots?

Can we tie knots?! I used to be a boy scout.

Sheriff! A shark just ate Mr. Tiber.

Unfortunately, my specialty was campfires.

What's all that stuff you're bringing?

Harpoons, ropes, guns, sonar devices ...

What's that?

That's an anti-shark cage.

What makes it anti-shark?

After it's lowered into the water, I hang out this sign.

SHARKS
UNWELCOME

All right, Booty. Throw out this fresh blood and these small fish so we can attract the shark.

Hoople says we don't have to. He has a better method of luring the great white to our boat.

Are the scales on my fins straight?

I feel something tugging on this line. Quick, help me reel 'er in.

SPLASH

Hey, you ain't no shark!

And you ain't the Starkist people either. Let me go.

Sorry, Charlie.

Oh well. We'll get the great white tomorrow. For tonight, let's just relax and compare scars. I got this big one here from catching a 200' whale.

That's nothing. I got this scar from tangling with a mad guppy.

What about you Sheriff? How'd you get that big gash on your back?

I told my wife I wouldn't take out the garbage and she threw it at me.

BY THE WAY... I AM NOT GEO. C. SCOTT'S YOUNGER BROTHER!

What's that banging?!

It's the great white and no wonder we couldn't find him. Is he ever clever.

Why?

THUMP
THUMP

He disguised himself as a flounder!!

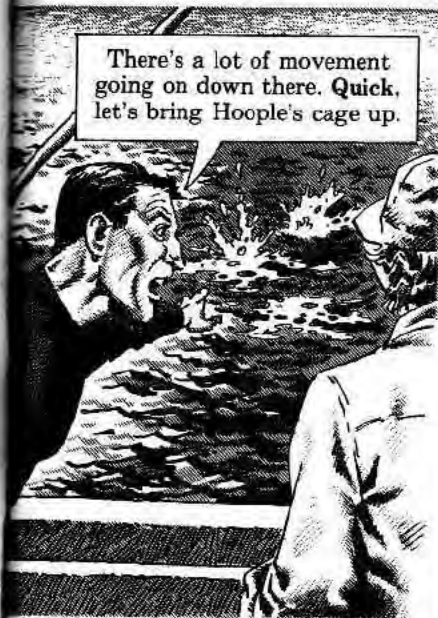
Squint, you've burned out the boat's engines and the shark has 20 harpoons in him, but he's still alive. Let me try. All I have to do is give him 200 cc's of this Strychnine.

You're gonna attempt to shoot that into his body?

Don't be ridiculous! I have to put a tablespoonful in his mouth! You'll have to lower me in my cage.

Cool it! Can't you read the sign!!!

KACHUNG

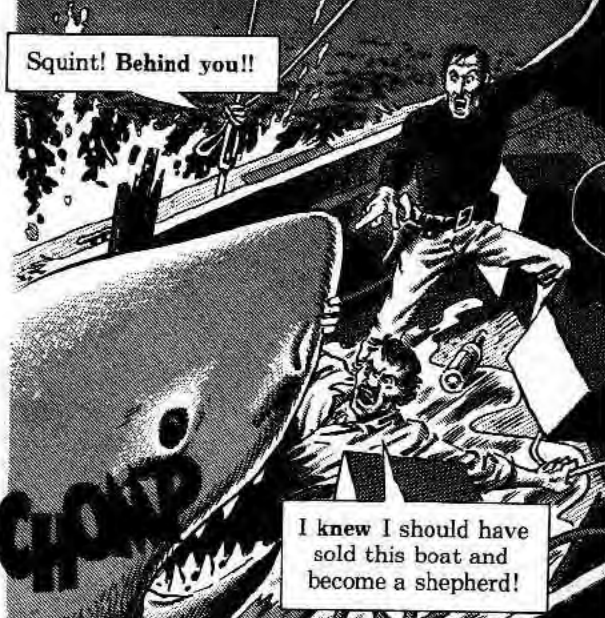


There's a lot of movement going on down there. Quick, let's bring Hoople's cage up.



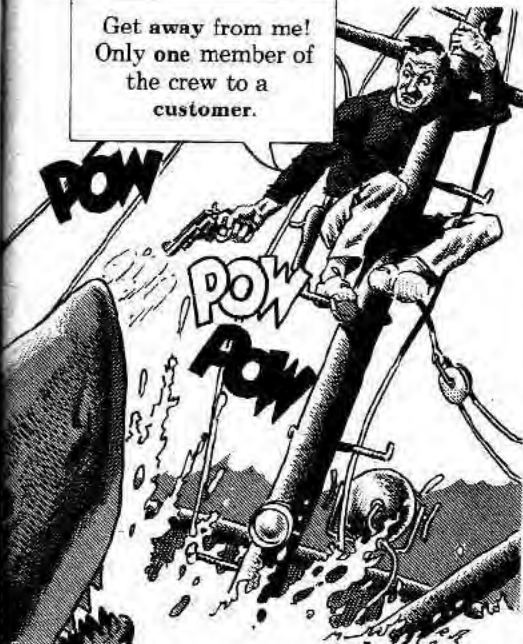
It's empty!! What could have happened?!!

Maybe he stepped out for a breath of air.

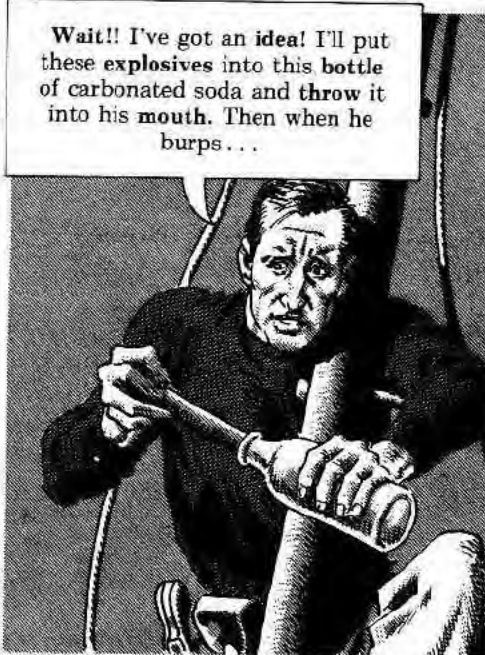


Squint! Behind you!!

I knew I should have sold this boat and become a shepherd!



Get away from me! Only one member of the crew to a customer.



Wait!! I've got an idea! I'll put these explosives into this bottle of carbonated soda and throw it into his mouth. Then when he burps...



We got the shark!

We know. The whole town is still scraping his remains off their windows.



Well, we did it Hoople. We're American heroes.

Yeah, but we also did something to Americans that they're not too crazy about.

What's that?

We sent them into panic!!

UNITY NEWSTAND

AN ☐ L.A. GAZETTE ☐

SHARK SCARE HITS U.S.—WORSE THAN RED SCARE

POOL ATTENDANCE UP 25% THIS MONTH

☐ SQUATTERVILLE TRIBUNE ☐

☐ N.Y. GRIMES ☐

MAN SAYS SHARK CLIMBS THROUGH SINK AND BITES SON

SHARK ALLEGEDLY SPOTTED IN WATER FOUNTAIN

☐ BLEYERVILLE NEWS ☐

☐ COURIER BLUES ☐

BEACH ATTENDANCE DOWN 99% 10,000 LIFEGUARDS OUT OF WORK

WOMAN CLAIMS SEEING SHARK IN LADIES ROOM

Ever wonder what goes on at one of those chic New York social events . . . the Literary Cocktail Party? Well, you're still gonna be wondering, especially after seeing this distorted version of the book-and-party world as . . .

CRACKED

Goes to a Literary Cocktail Party





I hear Jackie is making Onassis a millionaire.

I'm going to write a real funny book.

Don't make me laugh!

I hear you made a killing today.

Yes, I shot my broker!

Yes, before she married him, he was a billionaire!

Yeah, but the chairman caught me and made me put it back!

I hear you walked off with the literary award last night.

I wrote my will today.

How's it selling?

Did you read the autobiography of Cellini?

A college boy, eh? What have you written lately?

No, who wrote it?

My new book is selling like wildfire!

Home for money!

What you mean is, everybody's burning it!

Howard, hear you're writing the autobiography of Clifford Irving!

You must (hic) be drunk! I keep seeing two of you!

PUBLISHER OF CRACK

Currently, throughout the world, there seems to be a decline in the human birth rate and because of this, everyone is breathing easier. But what scientists have failed to realize is that a far worse problem may be looming on the horizon. Thanks to the successful efforts of environmental groups, pollution of every type, has been diminishing, allowing natural things to proliferate and thrive. What this means is that human life may be shrinking in number, but the world could be in deeper jeopardy yet, due to

THE NON-PEOPLE POPULATION EXPLOSION

INSECTS

With air pollution slowly being conquered, insects would once again thrive, but now in uncontrollable numbers.

As fleas multiplied, dogs would disappear.



The excess of spiders would create a cob web crisis.



Picnics would become unbearable.



Excess termites would ruin countless objects made of wood.



Walks in the woods would become far less enjoyable.



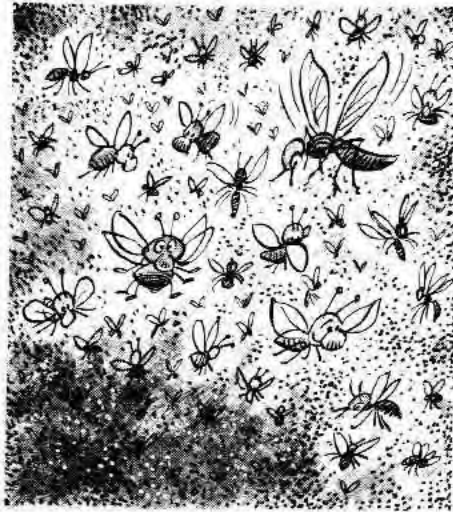
And Raid would have little effect.



Old phrases would have new meanings.



Instead of smog covering the atmosphere, it would be flying insects.



Yes, even flies realizing that they now outnumbered people, would become more daring.



PLANTS

Another beneficiary of clean air (combined with a growing interest of people wanting to own them) would be plants. But once again these two combined factors would one day bring an overabundance.

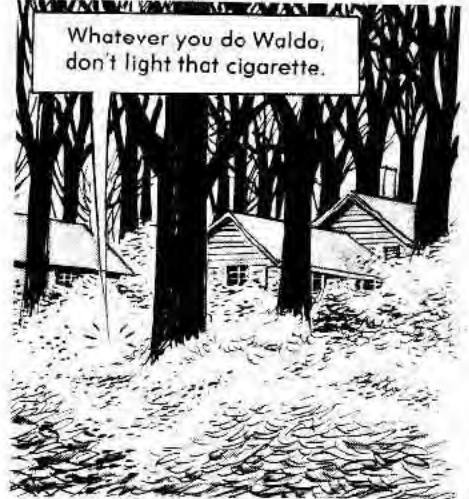
Giant skyscrapers would be inundated with foliage.



Cities would look like jungles.



Come the fall, when plants shed their leaves, even greater problems would arise.



There would also be a shortage of soil to plant all the foliage.



Some plants might even be hazardous to people's health.



In short, plants would be everywhere.



RHINOS

And once endangered species, like the Rhino for example, start doubling and quadrupling, thanks to humane societies, an overpopulation would develop here too!

Rhinos would have to move from the jungles to the cities.



Zoos wouldn't be able to hold all of them, so other businesses would have to find uses for them.



People would also have to adopt some as pets, making apartments overcrowded.



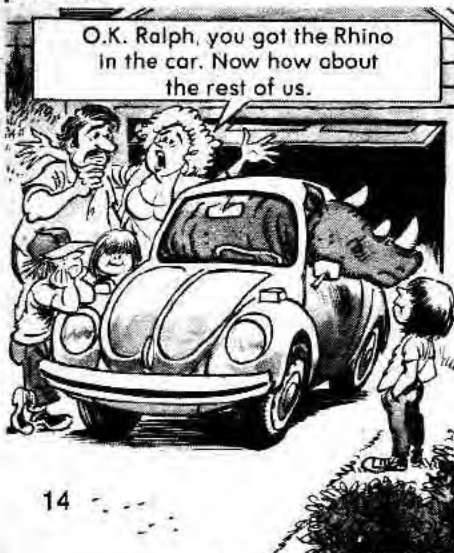
And streets would become very cluttered when they had to be walked.



And, of course, keeping them clean would be another problem.



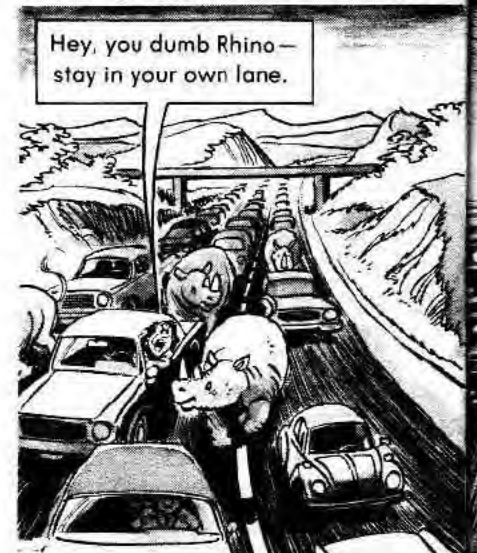
And taking the Rhino along on a family outing would present still another problem.



And, of course, one would always have to keep a close eye on his Rhino.



And those Rhinos not adopted or employed would end up roaming the streets, tying up the whole country.



DOGS AND CATS

Besides endangered animals proliferating, everyday pets, such as dogs and cats that are already too numerous, would grow even more populous.

Food companies would begin producing less people food and more pet food.



More and more TV shows would be slanted towards them.



Even magazines would be designed with the canine and feline in mind.



FISH

And with water pollution dissipating, get ready for a fish explosion.

We'll have to flood sidewalks and enclose one side of the street in glass to accomodate them all.



Yup, anywhere there was water, fish would try to find a home.



People wouldn't be able to eat fish anymore without fearing for their safety!



And guess who'd make number one on the Endangered Species list!



Trading stamps will be remembered in the annals of history for their great contribution to the American way of life—alongside the hula hoop and miniskirt. Accordingly, CRACKED pays tribute to the great institution of . . .

TRADING STAMPS



For as DINAH SORE says:

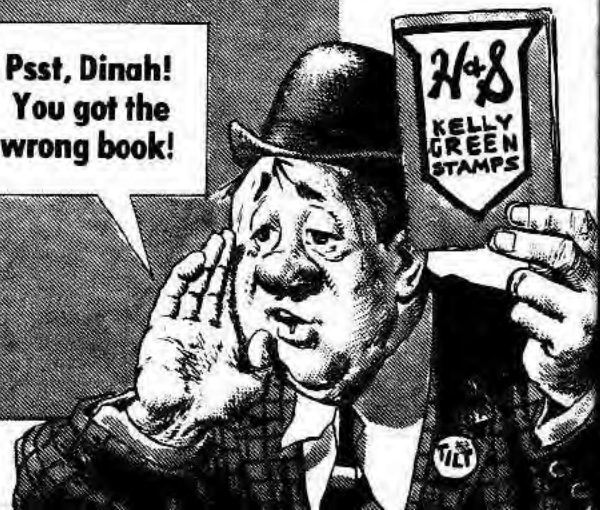
SEVERIN



The family that pastes
together, gets **STUCK**
— together.



Psst, Dinah!
You got the
wrong book!

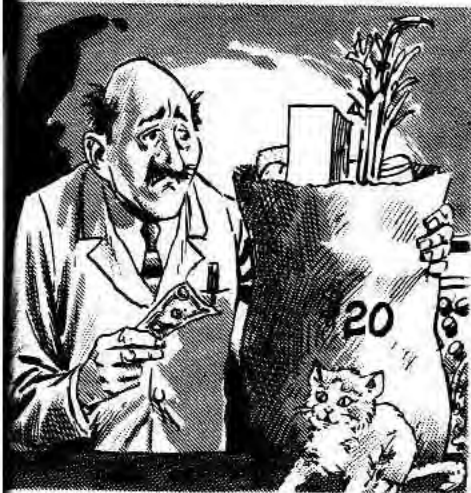


Let us examine some of the reasons for the rapid growth of this strange phenomenon . . .

HISTORY OF THE TRADING STAMP

Once upon a time . . .

The grocer was **unhappy** because he wasn't making enough profit.



The housewife was **unhappy** because she had to go through her husband's pockets to buy extras like a hair dryer.



The husband was **unhappy** because he had a wife he couldn't trust.



...BUT someone hit upon the brilliant idea of trading stamps.

The grocer then sold the \$20 bag of groceries & \$3 worth of trading stamps for \$25.



... AND suddenly EVERYBODY was happy!

The grocer was **happy** because he made money on each bag of groceries.



The housewife was **happy** because she had a brand new hair dryer for "nothing."



And the husband was **happy** because he now had a wife he could trust!



More and more enterprises are jumping on the band wagon and making trading stamps available. As **CRACKED** sees it eventually almost everybody will be offering trading stamps.

AVAILABILITY OF TRADING STAMPS

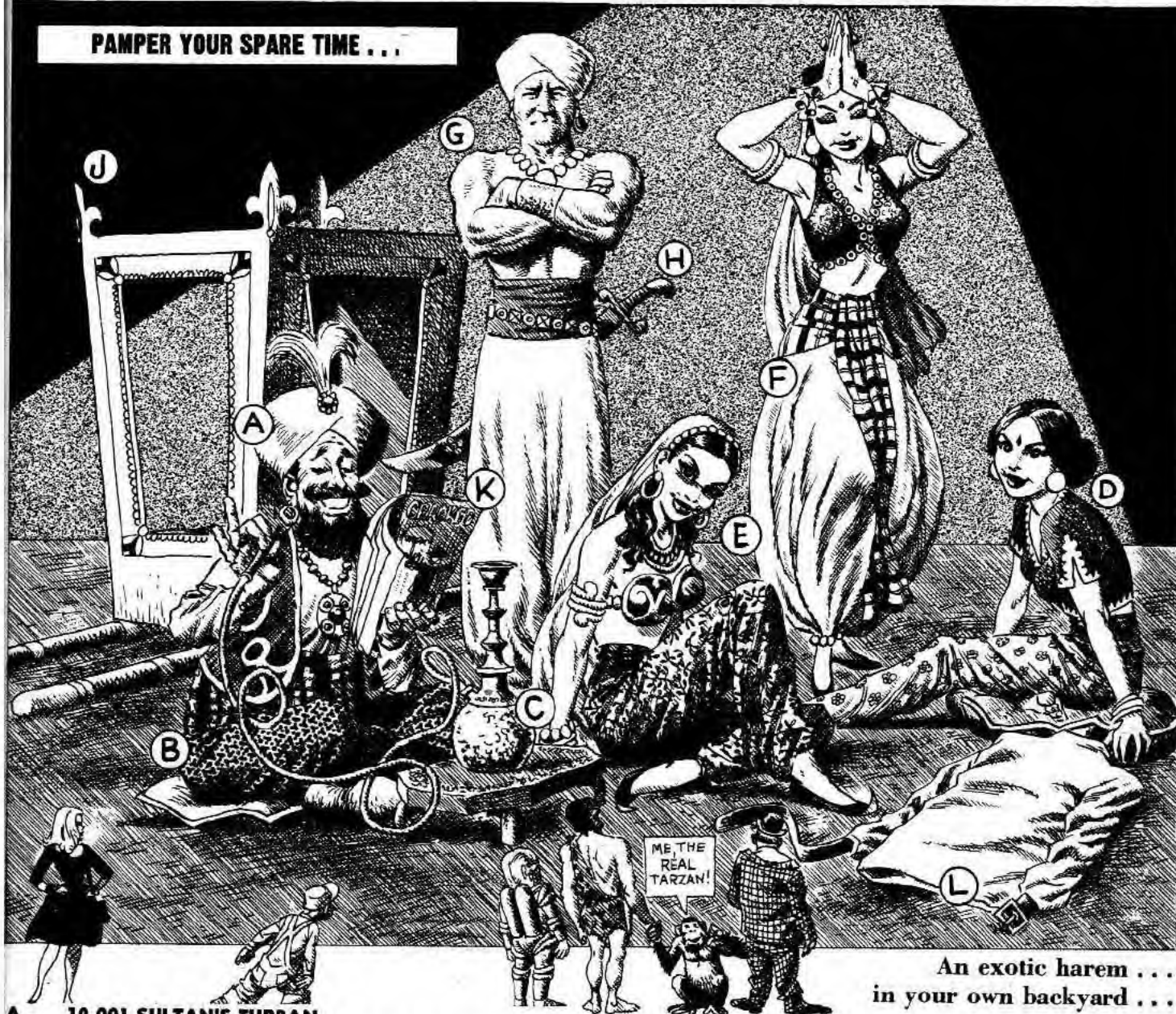


FANTASTIC GIFTS

Of course, what really makes stamp collecting so worthwhile is the huge selection of gifts available. One company has offered a trip to Hawaii for 105 books. Not to be outdone, another company has countered with an offer of all of Hawaii for 105,000,000,000 books.

To better show you what we mean here is a typical page from a typical stamp trading catalogue:

PAMPER YOUR SPARE TIME . . .



An exotic harem . . .
in your own backyard . . .

- A 10-001 SULTAN'S TURBAN**
94% rayon, 6% Acrilan fiber. Choice of pink, yellow or lilac.....2½ Books
- B 10-002 SULTAN'S COSTUME**
100% cotton. Multi-color stripe.....11½ Books
- C 10-003 TURKISH PIPE (HOOKAH)**
Choice of regular length, or for added filtration—Sultan length.....5 Books
- D 10-004 HAREM GIRL**
Choice of blonde, brunette or red head.
Each 238½ Books
- E 10-005 DELUXE HAREM QUEEN**
Specify size, color and age desired. 424 Books
- F 10-006 HAREM DANCING GIRL**
Choice of twister, or shimmy dancer. Each 315 Books

- G 10-007 Harem Guard**
These sturdy sentinels are both rain and bribe resistant.
- H 10-008 HAREM GUARD SWORD**
No sharp harem owner can afford to be without these sharp stainless steel blades.....14 Books
- J 10-009 SEDAN CHAIR**
This 4 M.P. (Man Power) chair is both sturdy and Comfortable. 1925 Books F.O.B. Bagdad
- K 10-010 1 YR. SUBSCRIPTION TO CRACKED MAGAZINE** 1 Stamp
- L 10-011 FREE—ONE SELF-SERVICE STRAIGHT JACKET** to any harem owner who finds it necessary to order item K

Unfortunately, where valuables are present so are criminals. There already have been a number of thefts involving trading stamps, and organized crime can be expected to make even further inroads upon the lucrative stamp business.

HIJACKING



BURGLARY



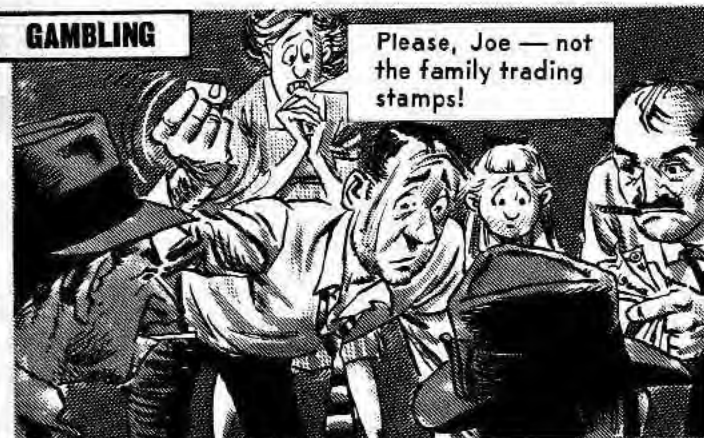
KIDNAPPING



COUNTERFEITING



GAMBLING



EXTORTION



Eventually stamps will become so valuable they will replace money as the medium of exchange.



... And one day someone will hit upon a brilliant idea—



Ever wake up in the morning and have a feeling that everything you do that day is going to turn out wrong? The coffee will taste like mud . . . The toast will be burnt blacker than the Ace of Spades . . . You will fall down a flight of stairs . . . CRACKED now gives you . . .

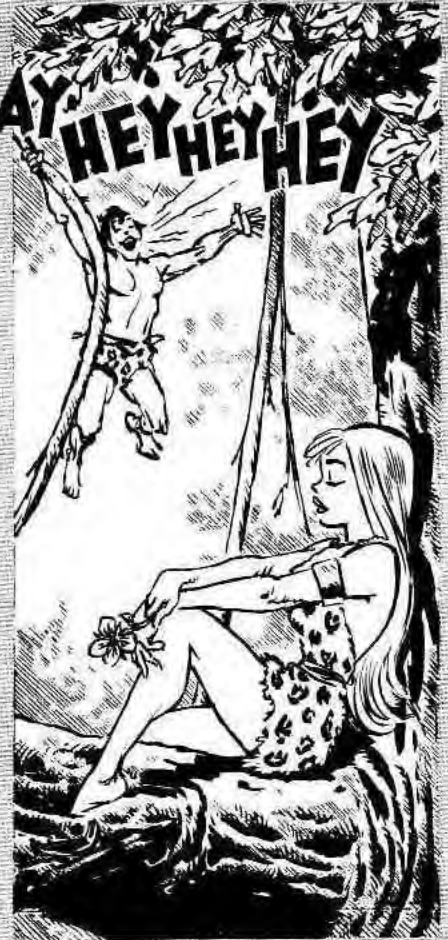
The DAY THAT NOTHING SEEMED TO GO RIGHT FOR THE APE MAN

DISTURBED SLUMBER



ANSWER: "MEATBALL."
QUESTION: "WHAT DO THEY CALL A BUTCHER'S FORMAL DANCE?"

TWO HOURS LATER, THE MATING CALL.



FIVE HOURS LATER, THE RESCUE.



ANSWER: "BECAUSE PEOPLE ARE DYING TO GET IN."
QUESTION: "WHY DO THEY HAVE A FENCE AROUND A CEMETERY?"

Right now our think-tank futurists are predicting inflation will end in 1990 ... because that's when we'll be running out of the trees that supply our paper-money needs. From Nostradamus to H.G. Wells, mankind has always tried to predict the future. To show you how some of these bygone prognosticators have fared **CRACKED** presents

Past Predictions of the Future

I PREDICT IN THE FUTURE
WE WILL HAVE THE FOLLOWING



Wood-rubbing gadgets that will make fire anytime we want it



Our own cave-making tools



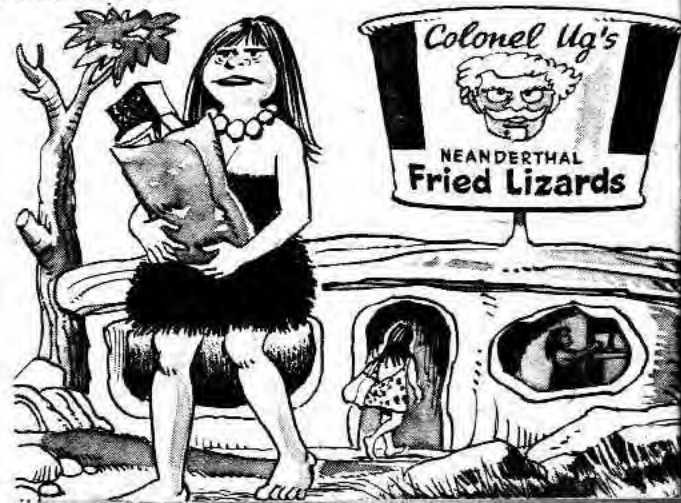
The know-how to fly like birds



Super fast writing instruments



Food in abundance—we will raise our own snakes, rats, lizards, and beetles





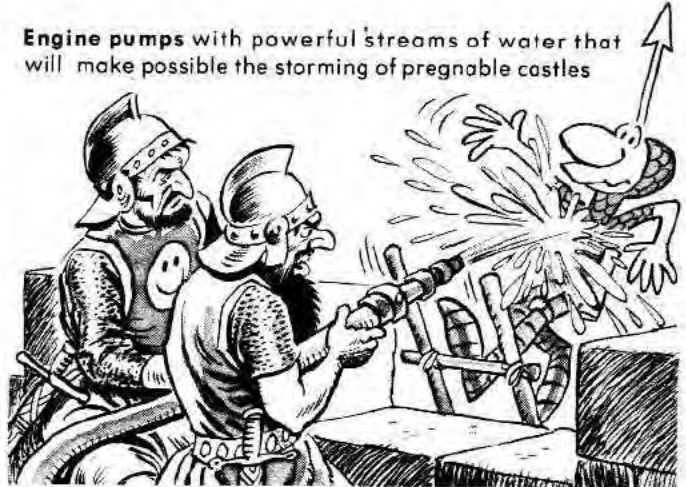
CRACKED is refusing to tell your psychiatrist your problems because you don't talk to strangers...

The problem solving ability of mankind knows no bounds. I predict at some future date man will have invented the following contrivances...

Self-escalating ladders that will make possible the storming of impregnable castles



Engine pumps with powerful streams of water that will make possible the storming of pregnable castles



Metallic thing-a-ma-bobs will enable knights to zip in and out of their armor in scant seconds



Wrist-type timepieces will become the rage



Empty castle-coffers will be replenished with ingenious money-making devices



Imaginative weavers will revolutionize the tapestry industry



Power-swords will revolutionize the art of fencing



... as well as simplifying the art of gorging



Many moons ago redman invent canoe, bow and arrow, and tepee. In the moons to come, he will invent more wonderful things like the following...



Machine-bow will let braves shoot a hundred arrows in heap quick time



Instant-scalper will help warriors speed up slow, messy chore



Indians will be able to talk with their red brothers all over the world by sending smoke signals over a smoke-evision set



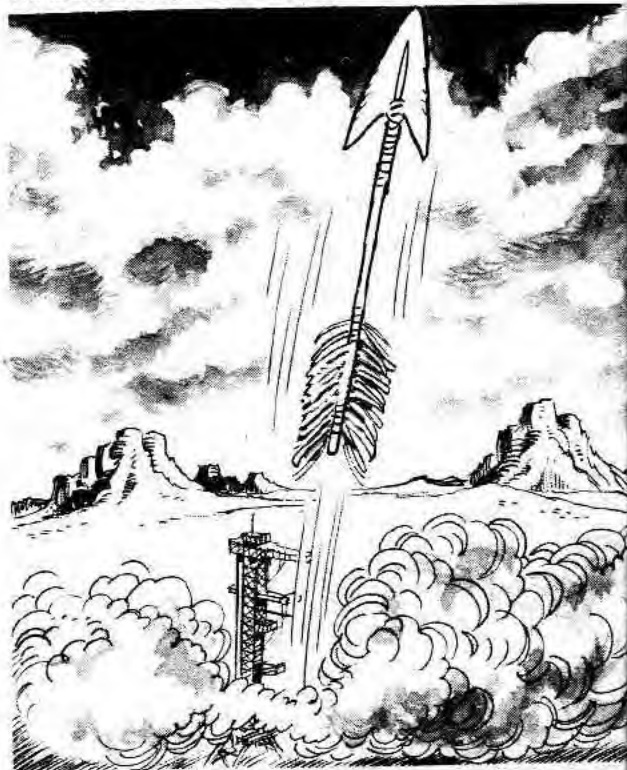
Hunting parties will be able to roam very far with wheeled buffalo-chasers



The paleface invasion will be halted with fort-removing machines



Rocket-type arrows with heap powerful warheads will make warfare unthinkable



Big lantern will shine sign-language on heap big buffalo hide, and entertain whole tribes at one time



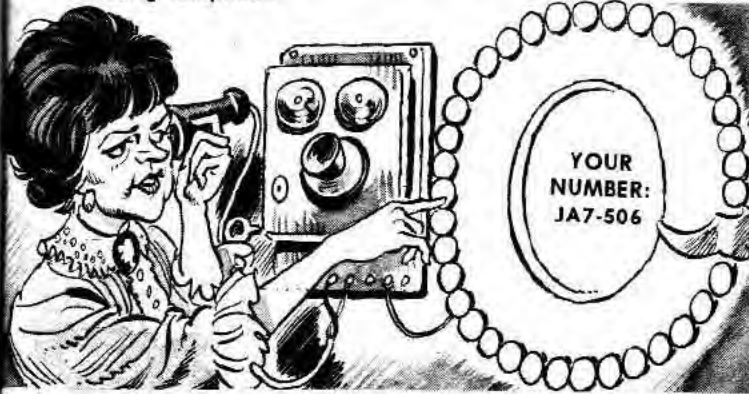
What's the story about?

A masked Indian who shoots silver arrows and has a faithful paleface sidekick.

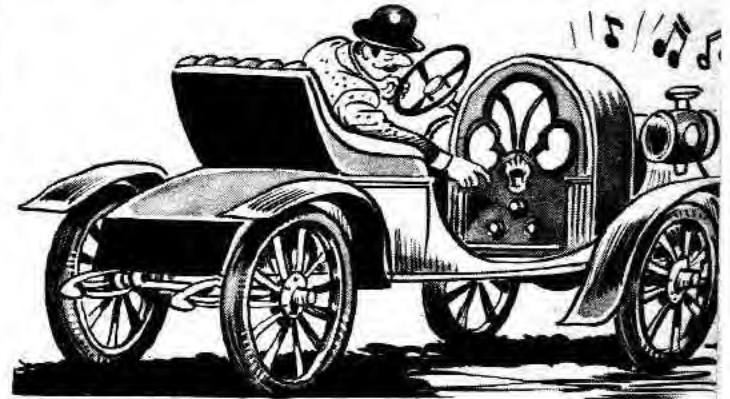
CRACKED is being cured by your psychiatrist then shooting him be-
cause he knows too much...

There's no stopping good old Yankee ingenuity. Accord-
ingly, I would like to make a matter of record my predictions
for the future...

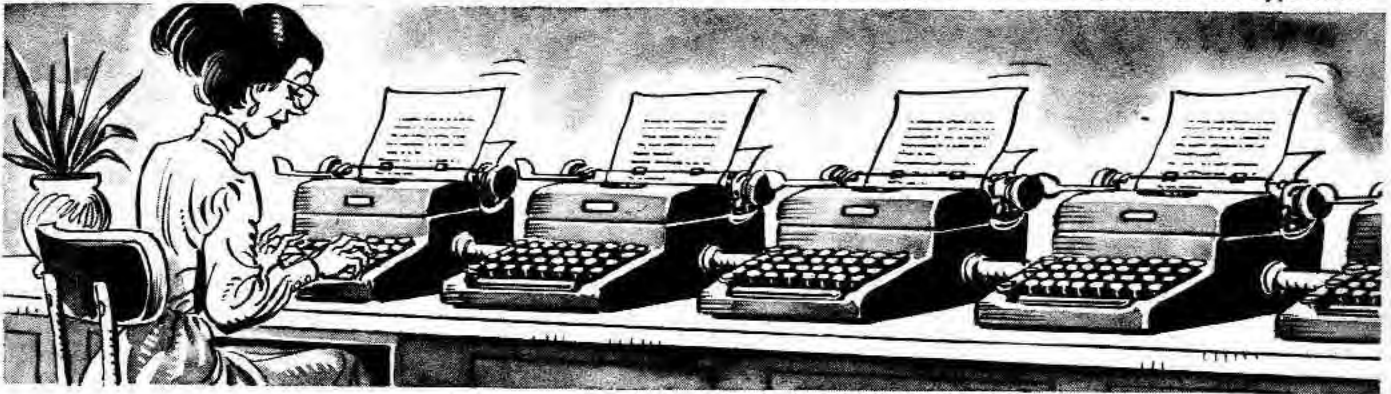
By 1920, Americans will have invented the automatic self-
dialing telephone



By 1940, every driver will have his own car-radio



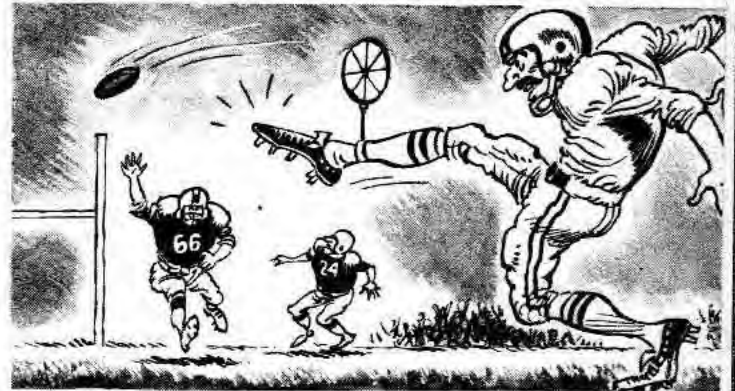
By the 1960's there will be no limit to the number of copies a typist will be able to type simultaneously on her multi-typewriter



By the 1940's, radar will revolutionize sports



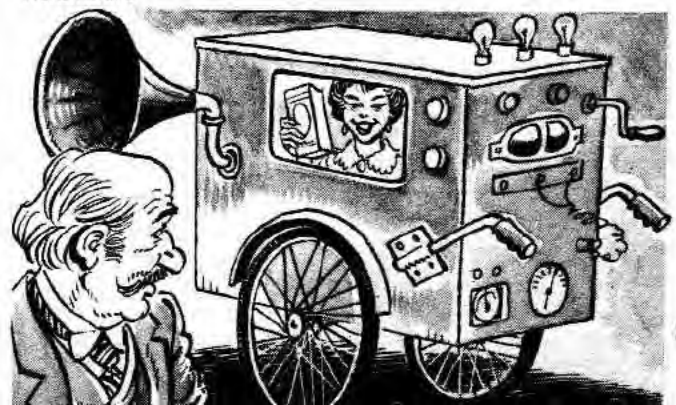
... radar-controlled field goals of 99 yards will be a distinct possibility



By the 1950's, ice men will be a thing of the past. Ice boxes
will manufacture their own blocks of ice.



By the 1970's, folks will be in for a real treat—portable tele-
vision sets



THE SPEED STAMPEDE SECTION

Transportation keeps getting faster and faster. The stagecoach gave way to the railroad which gave way to the propellered plane, which in turn gave way to the jet. **CRACKED** feels all this increased speed is a mixed blessing and that many problems arise with each technological step forward. To show you what we mean, **CRACKED** depicts what tomorrow's flying may be like...

WHEN THE SUPER-JETS

All activities aboard the super jets will have to be speeded up because of the much shorter flight times...

IN-FLIGHT ENTERTAINMENT

ZOOM AIRLINES
WELCOMES YOU ABOARD
OUR
DELUXE ENTERTAINMENT
FLIGHT—
PASSENGERS HAVE CHOICE OF:

- ★ SEEING THE OPENING
SCREEN TITLES FROM
BARBRA STEISAND'S
LATEST MOVIE "FINNY
GIRL" (FLIPPER'S LIFE)!
- ★ HEARING THE FIRST 8
BARS FROM THE LATEST
ROLLING STONES ALBUM!
- ★ A SYNOPSIS OF THE LOCAL
WEATHER REPORT...

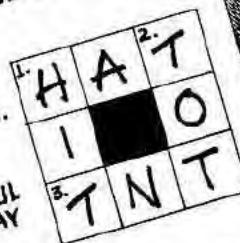


**ZOOM
AIRLINES**
SEVERIN

GAMES AND READING MATTER ABOARD PLANES

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS
1-CHAPEAU
3-EXPLOSIVE.
DOWN
1-SUCCESSFUL
BROADWAY
PLAY.
2-BABY.



READER'S DIGEST REDIGESTED

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READER'S DIGEST
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REDIGESTED
THE END

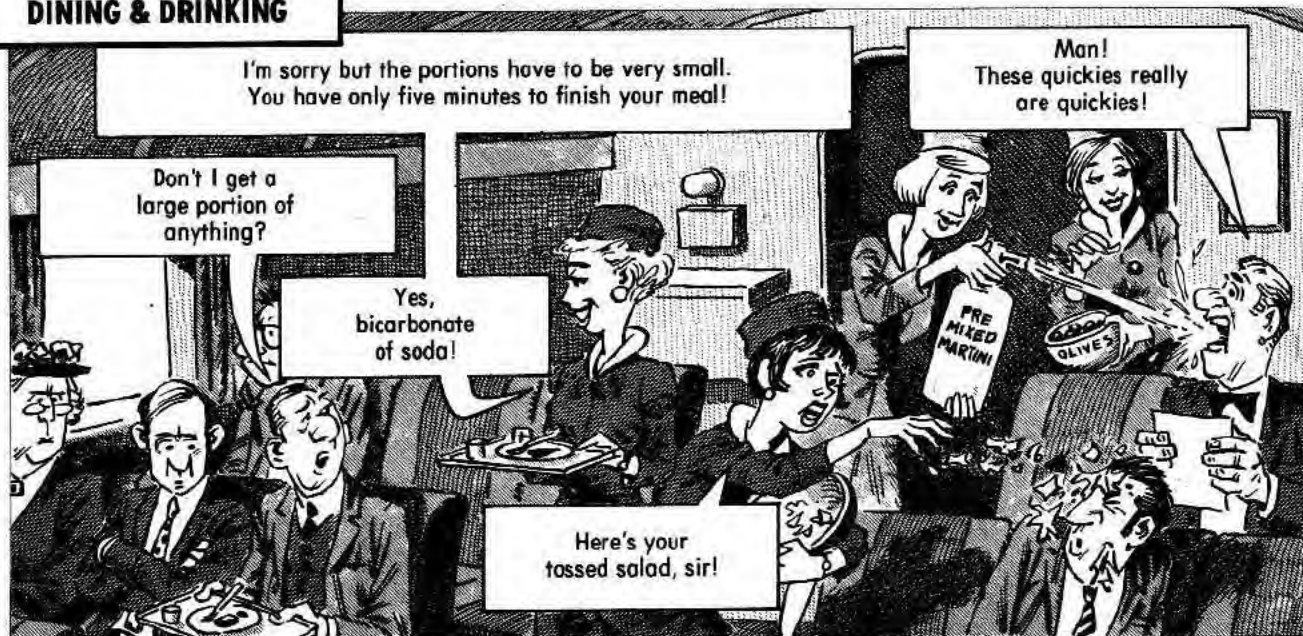
4 SQUARE TIC-TAC-TOE



TO COMPLETE GAME IN TIME,
PASSENGERS ARE CAUTIONED
NOT TO PLAY WITH SLOW
OPPONENTS.



DINING & DRINKING



Good morning, ladies and gentlemen.
Welcome aboard flight 701. We
are departing on schedule. Our
cruising speed is approximately
18,000 miles an hour.

We will be flying at an altitude of 50 miles
above sea level. Our estimated time of arrival
is ... Er, I've just been informed by our automatic
pilot that we landed two seconds ago!

TAKE OVER...



On shorter flights seats will be superfluous...there'll be no
time to sit down.



Passengers
will please
fasten their
ceiling belts.

Geel!
this makes me homesick
for the rush hour
subway in
Brooklyn!

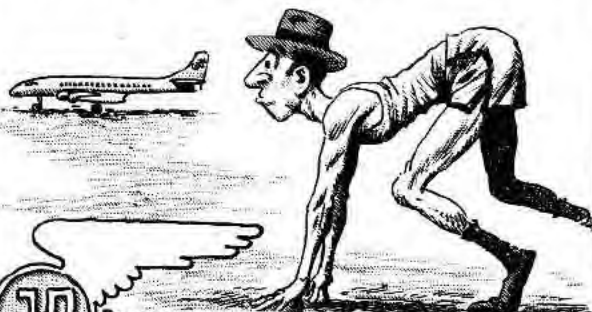
And ads may look something like this...

JACK ROBINSON AIRLINES

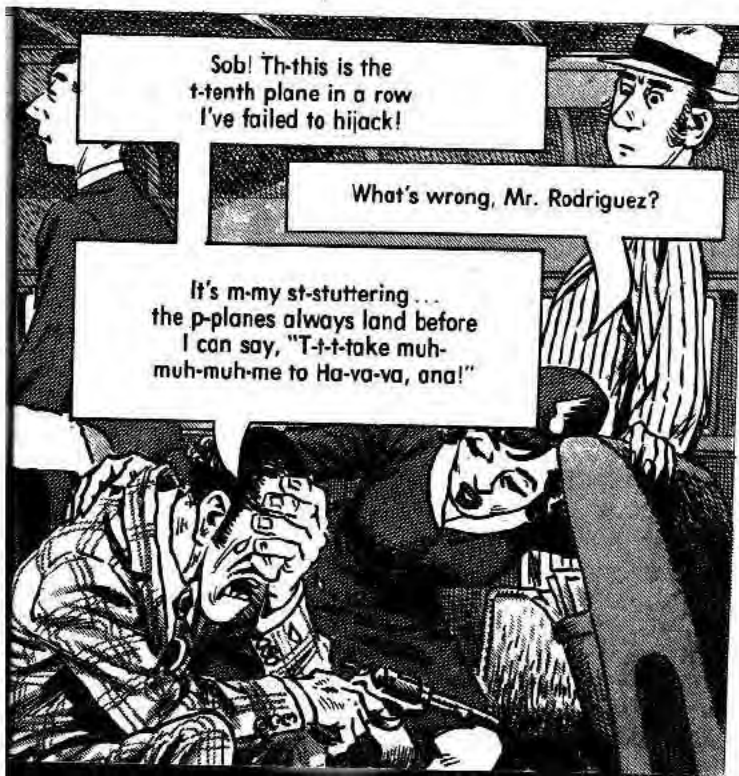
.....
**WE GET
THERE
QUICKER
THAN YOU
CAN SAY
OUR
NAME**
.....

OUR RATES ARE THE
CHEAPEST BECAUSE
WE HAVE THE
WORLD'S UGLIEST
HOSTESSES!

WHY SHOULD WE PAY EXTRA FOR
PRETTY HOSTESSES WHEN OUR
FLIGHTS ARE SO SHORT THAT PAS-
SENGERS DON'T EVEN HAVE TIME
TO GLANCE AT THEM?



Passengers are instructed to wear shorts
and track shoes when attempting to board
our flights... Otherwise they might miss our
quick take-offs.

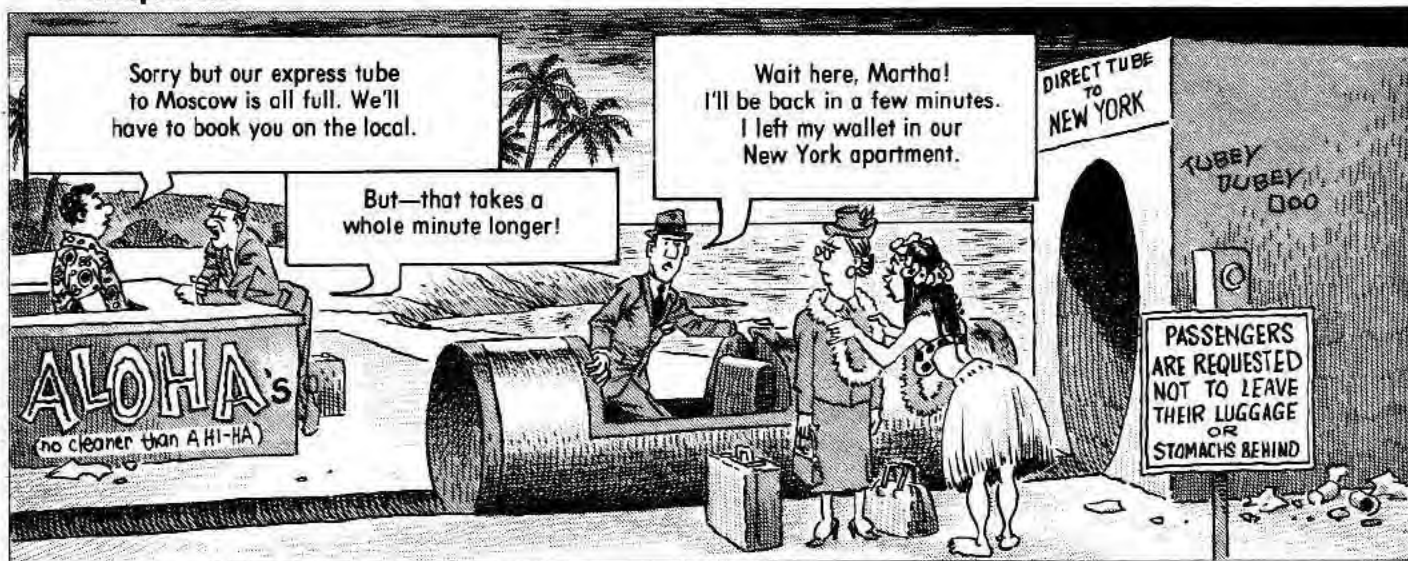


Sob! Th-this is the
t-tenth plane in a row
I've failed to hijack!

What's wrong, Mr. Rodriguez?

It's m-my st-stuttering...
the p-planes always land before
I can say, "T-t-take muh-
muh-muh-me to Ha-va-va, ana!"

Eventually, even super jets will give way to a still faster mode of travel—the PNEUMATIC TUBE, an almost instant form of transportation.



ONLY WHEN YOU TRAVEL THE FRIENDLY UNDERGROUND OF UNITED DO YOU SEE THESE SCENIC SIGHTS



SUBTERRANEAN MOLE KINGDOM



SEETHING VOLCANIC LAVA



URBAN SEWAGE SYSTEMS

And Madison Avenue will still be around to hail the virtues of tube travel...

WHEN YOU TRAVEL PAN-PNEUMATIC YOU GET YOUR CHOICE OF THESE SUCCULENT MEALS... in pill form, of course.



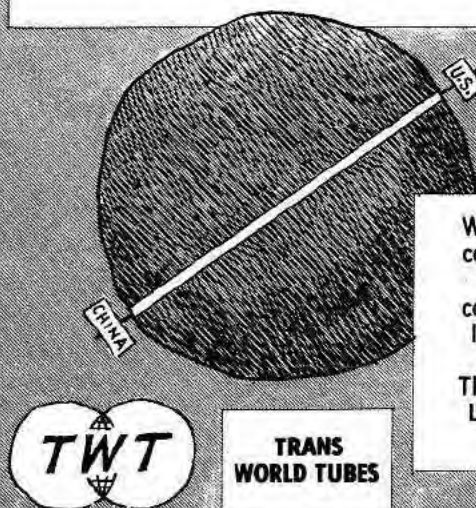
A steak dinner?
Ask the hostess for
our tasty red pill.

Lobster dinner?
Request our
gourmet blue pill



"Down down
and adieu with Pan Pu"

TWT ANNOUNCES IT'S NEW CENTER OF THE EARTH TUBE THAT CUTS A FULL 30 SECONDS OFF ITS REGULAR New York TO China RUN



We're faster
cause we're
the only
carrier with
lubricated
tubes!
TRAVEL THE
LUBE TUBE
WAY!

TRANS
WORLD TUBES

And just as the older generation today waxes nostalgically over yesterday's railroads, today's generation will some day fondly recall...

Los Angeles Times, Tuesday, Feb. 7, 2001

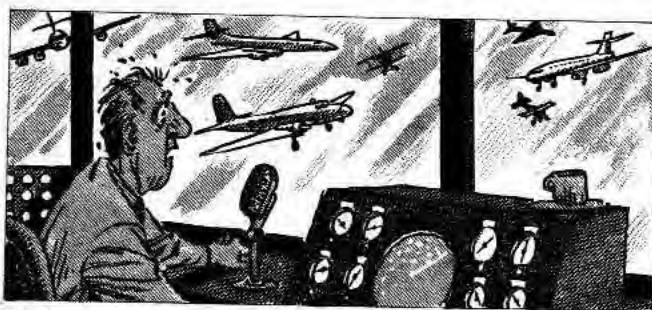
THE GOOD OLD JET AGE

By Bruce Leland Kowalski, Our Little Old Memory Lane Editor

How can anybody enjoy the lightning fast travel of today's pneumatic tubes that are capable of reaching any point on the globe in less than thirty seconds? Old-timers like myself recall when it took a leisurely six hours to cross the United States. The pictures below describe, better than I can, a relaxed era when the rallying cry of sophisticated jet travelers was "Getting there is half the fun."



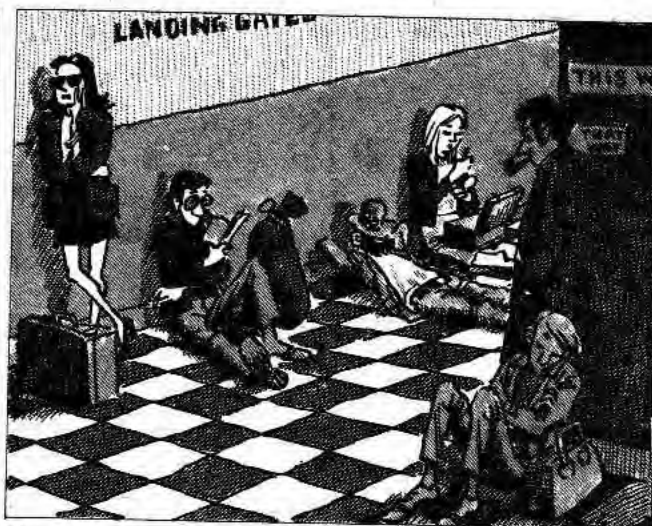
During the jet age, suburbanites were able to tell the time of day and set their watches by the friendly and familiar sonic boom of passing jets.



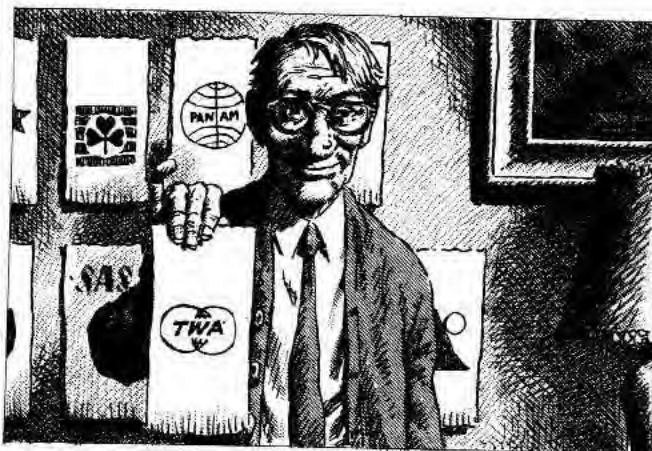
Who can ever forget the thrilling sight of a stack-up, when hundreds of glorious jets, in no hurry to descend, majestically circled an airport for hours on end.



The above vintage photo shows an old-fashion hassle over luggage. Jet travellers often owned similar-looking luggage. Once the confusion was straightened out, the protagonists usually shook hands and formed lifelong friendships.



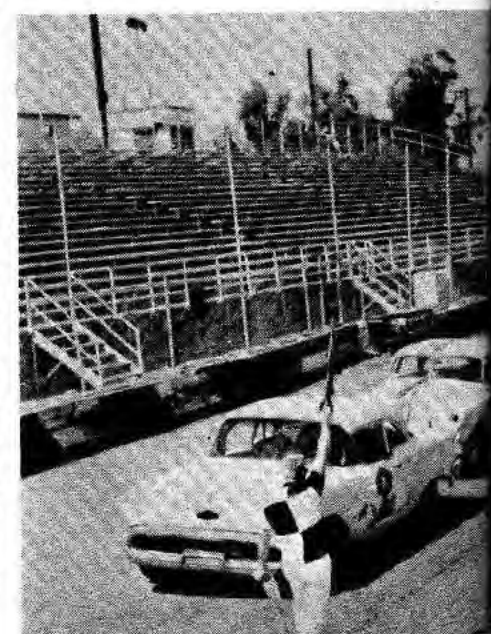
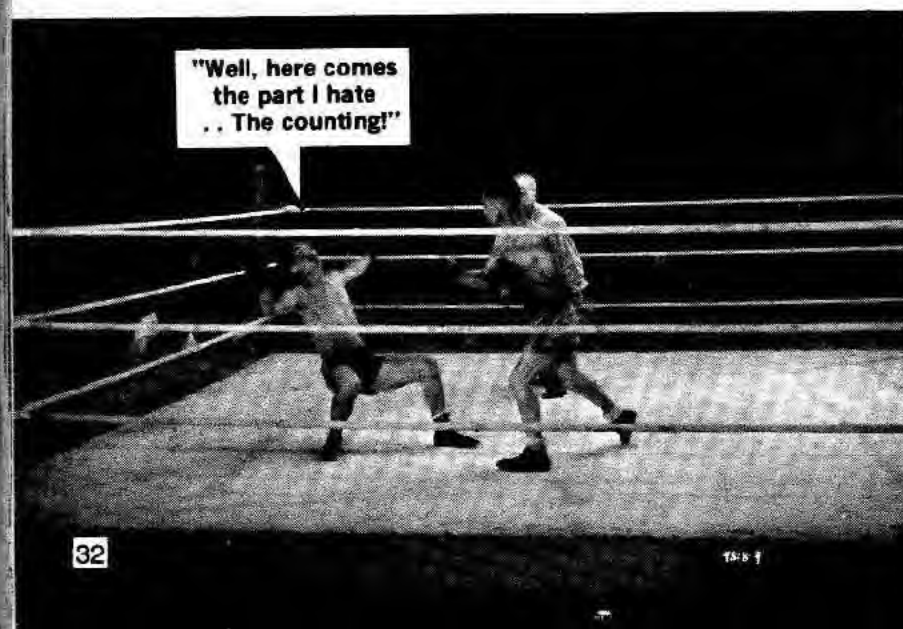
The slow, leisurely pace of jet travel extended also to the waiting room. Many a teenager waiting for available space on a standby, half-fare basis might spend several days rapping with his fellow teens.

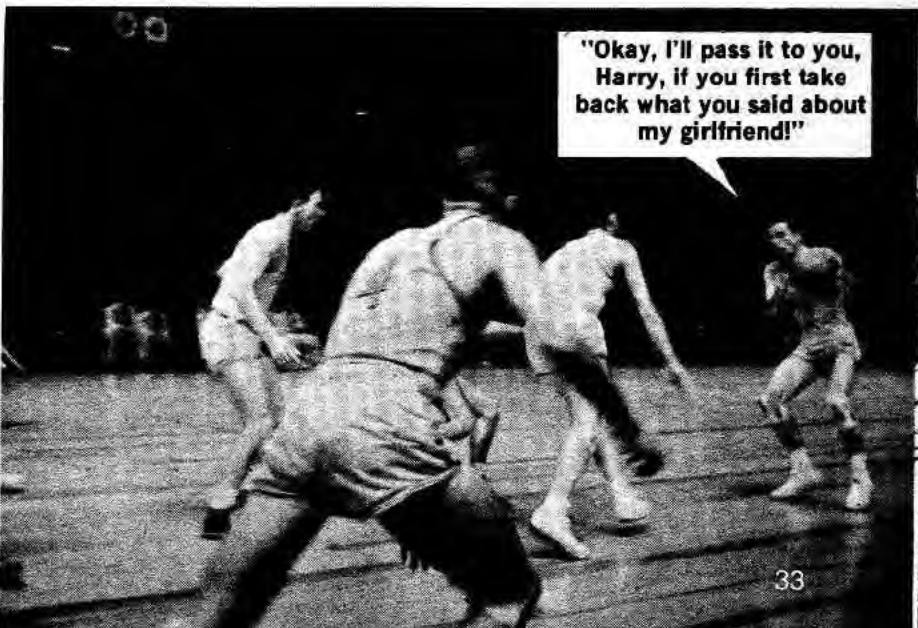
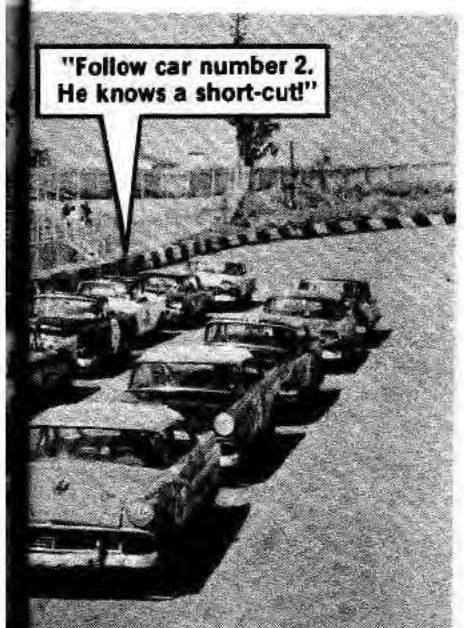
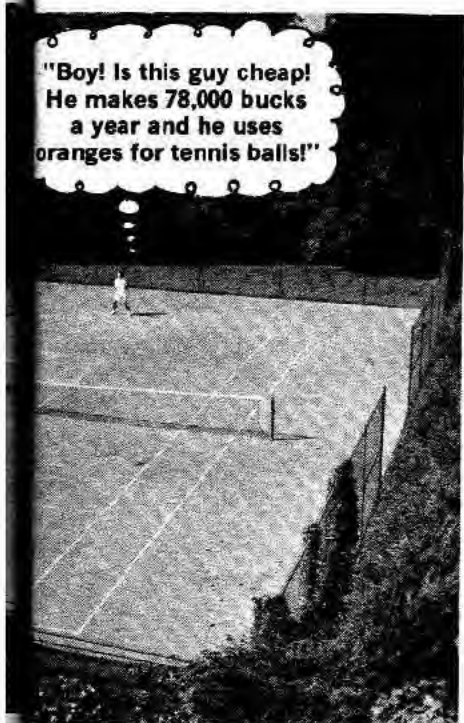
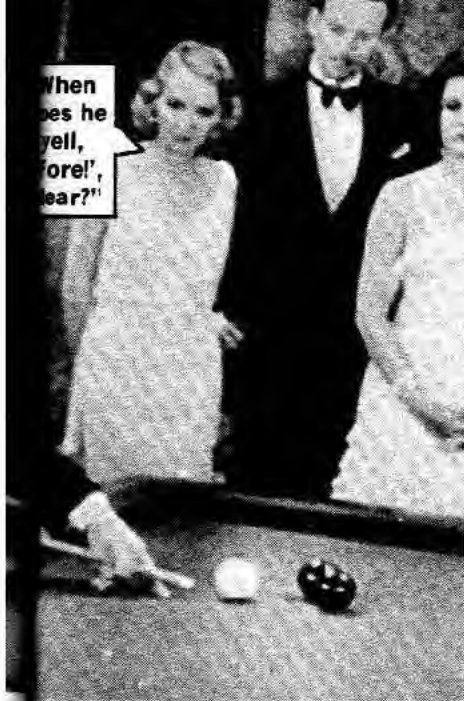


Old-timers will immediately recognize the objects surrounding me in this recent photo of my collection of air-sickness bags. Like faithful companions, they accompanied us on all our jet travels, ready to assist us in moments of extreme discomfort. Nowadays the consarned tube travel is so fast there isn't even time to get sick. Bring back the good old days, when air travellers could throw up at leisure!

A KOOK LOOK AT SPORTS

The greatest sports fans in the world are those right here in the good, old U.S.A. ... Every week, millions watch baseball, football, soccer, basketball and other thrilling contests . . . CRACKED'S ace sports editor, Grantland Punt, now gives you the latest flashes on some of the stars in the world of sports. . .

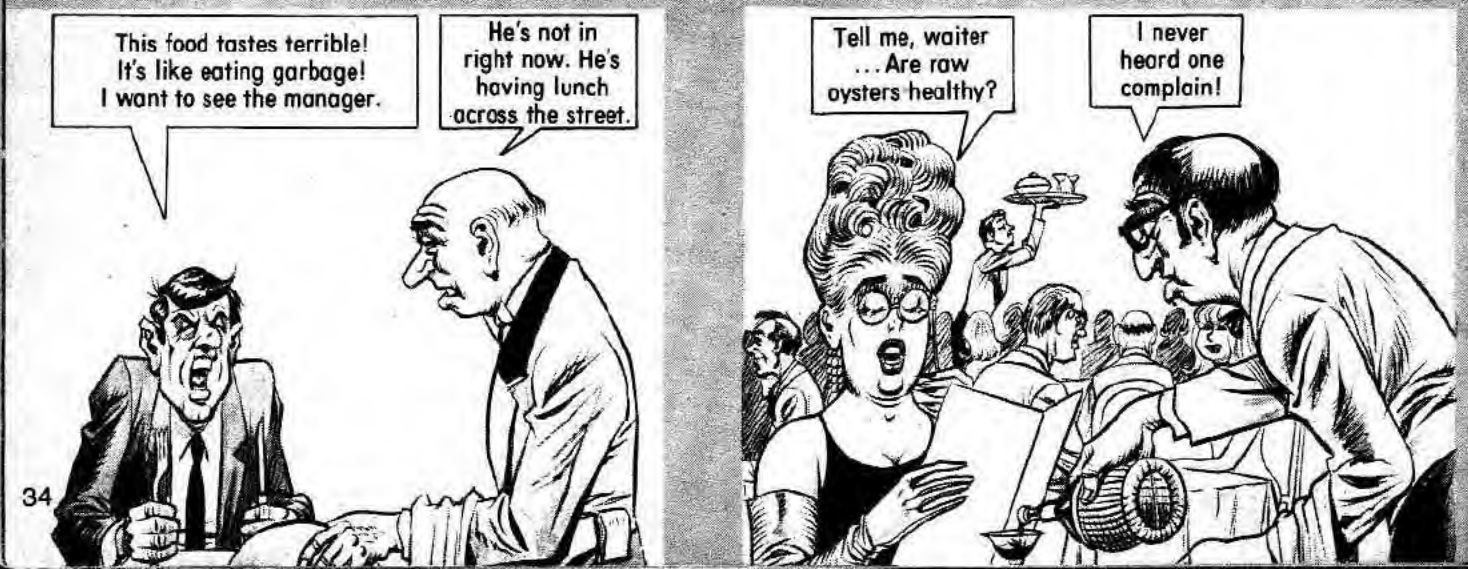




CRACKED LOOKS AT

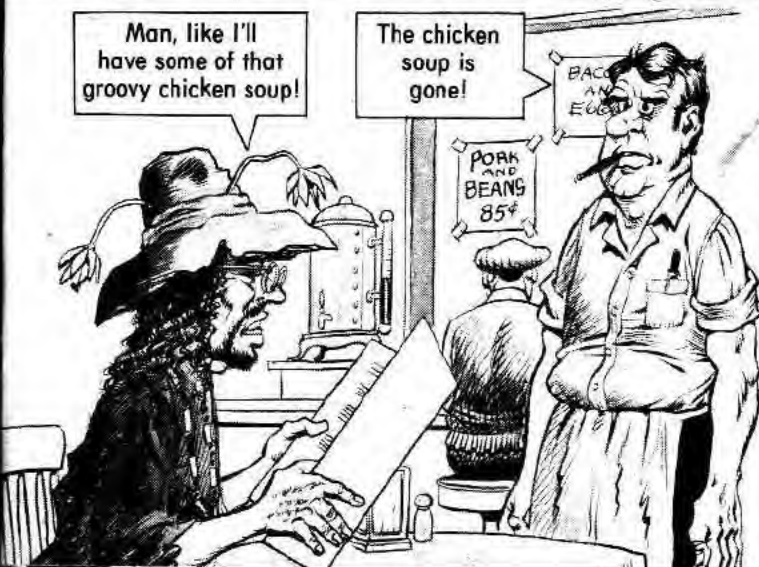
DIN

MCCARTNEY



ING OUT

MCCARTNEY



This is our tenth wedding anniversary, waiter... We would like the best... Caviar, steak, champagne

Make sure the steak is filet mignon and the champagne is 1947.

Yes, sir!

ONE HOUR LATER.

Anything else, sir?

Yes... Separate checks, please!

Waiter, there's a fly in my soup.

Oh, no! You're not giving me that old line!

Well, have I got some answers for you!

How much can a fly eat?

Shhh! Everybody will want one!

Maybe he likes hot baths!

So What? We don't charge extra

Two Bloody Marys, please.

Hmmm... I'll have the same!

Golly—gee, dear... This food is great! I think I'll have another steak.

Slow down, Helen! you eat so fast...

"I'll have coffee with no milk!

Right, sir! Coffee with no milk!

Sorry, sir... We're out of milk

...Do you want your coffee without cream?



A NOTE FROM THE TEACHER.

Teachers have always written letters home to parents. But have you ever stopped to think about the kinds they wrote home years ago? Now you can see for yourself by reading these letters which were dug up especially for CRACKED Magazine . . .

Dear Mr. & Mrs. Wright:

Your sons, Wilbur and Orville, have been acting up again! They are constantly ^{to} ~~bring~~ ^{bring} up their test papers and sailing them + thru the air. How do they expect to get anywhere that way? I'd appreciate it if you would try and have the boys straighten out and fly right.

Yours truly,
Miss Kitty Hawk,
Glendale School

DA VINCI
PAINTS BY
NUMBER!

teacher

DEAR MR. AND MRS. VAN GOGH:

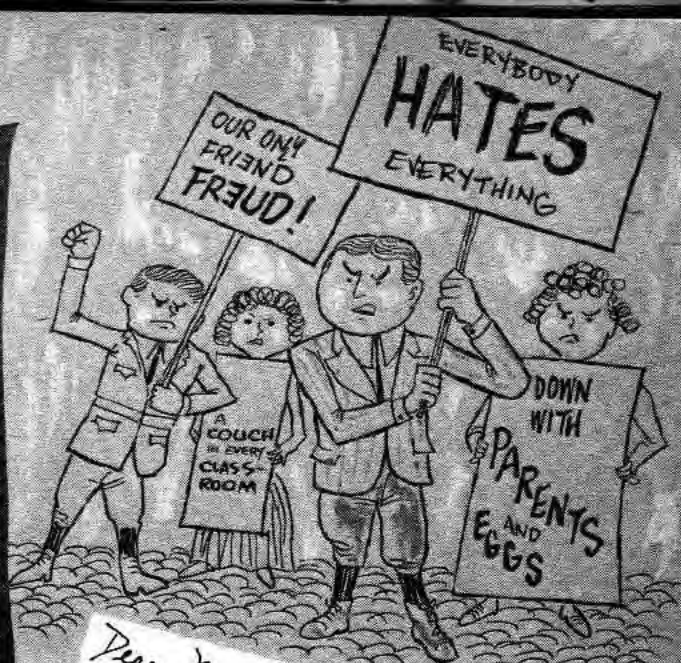
THIS NEW FAD IS REALLY GETTING OUT OF HAND. IF YOUR SON, VINCENT, DOESN'T GET A HAIRCUT SOON, I'M AFRAID THAT YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO SEE HIS EARS.

RESPECTFULLY YOURS,
Mr. Robert Barber
PRINCIPAL, PS 105

Attention: Mr. & Mrs. Newton

I'm sorry to report that Isaac's progress is very slow. It's no wonder though for he is always throwing things up into the air and mumbling, "what goes up, must come down?" There are certain laws, Mr. & Mrs. Newton, that Isaac must obey in order to stay in school. I've tried over and over again and I wish that you'd talk to the boy for his sake.

Thank You,
Miss Marie Gravity
Public School of Law



Dear Mr. & Mrs. Freud:
Your son doesn't seem to be able to adjust and get along with the other children. He is always causing trouble by telling the children that they hate their fathers because their mothers drink too much or that they hate eggs because their older brothers killed their pet chicken when they were younger. Does Sigmund maybe you should send him to the Youth Center. He needs guidance.
Sincerely,
Mr. Kinsley
School / PS 17

Dear Mr. & Mrs. Washington:
I hope that you can help pay the bill to have my clothes cleaned. Your son, George, brought a basket of rotten cherries to school yesterday and threw them at me. Do you know where he obtained the fruit? He has told me many conflicting stories. What is the truth?
Enclosed is my cleaning bill.

With Deepest Respect
Miss Valli Forge

2	50	DRESS WITH CHERRY
1	40	STAINS
1	50	SCARF
0	00	BLOUSE
0	00	NO CHARGE FOR
0	00	RED STOCKINGS

P.S. George has been throwing money into the potomac. I think it's wasteful.



In the words of the fabulously wealthy Chinese philosopher, Tai Koon, there is only one tragedy in life greater than not having your big dream come true—and that's having it coming true.

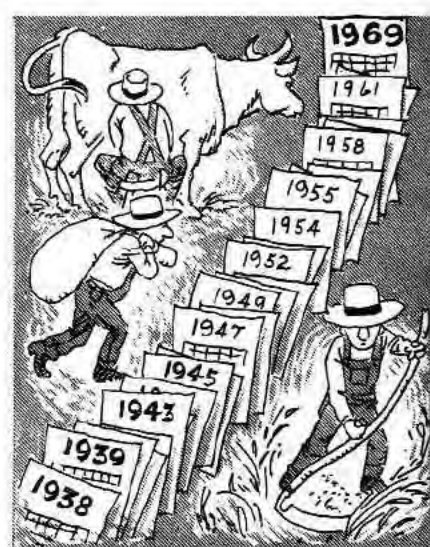
THE DREAM



Toiling under the hot sun was Abner's lot in life.



Life's only comfort was the thought of a distant retirement.



Unmercifully, the years drifted by—all too slowly.



Poor Pvt. Bemish was always taking orders.



If only he could become an officer, the tables would be turned.



He applied for Officer Candidate School, where he underwent the most gruelling months of his life.

This hot oriental aphorism is coolly expressed by one of our coolie-artists in a series called . . .

CAME TRUE

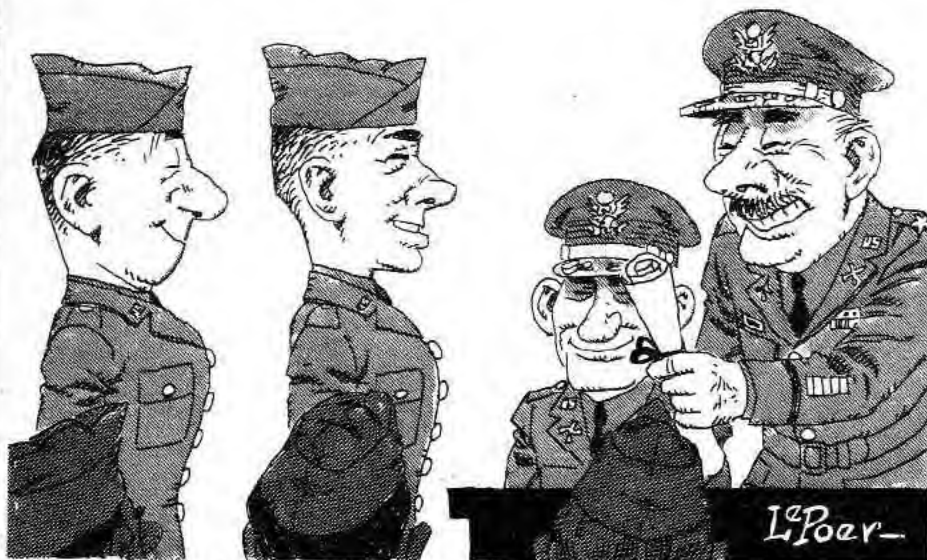
If Doris Day married Enoch Light, she'd be DORIS DAY LIGHT.



Then one day, the dream came true!



. . . And Abner is still toiling under the hot sun.



Then one day, the dream came true!



. . . And Bemish is taking more orders than ever before.

Young Gladys was miserable. Her family was the poorest in the neighborhood.



She promised herself that she'd marry above her station.



To get the right man, she connived, she schemed and she coquetted.



George, a clerk, craved the finer things in life.



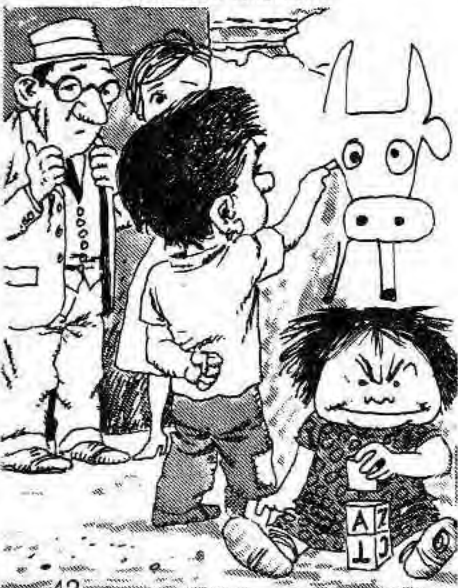
And he swore that he'd be a big success some day.



He worked his way untiringly up the ladder of success.



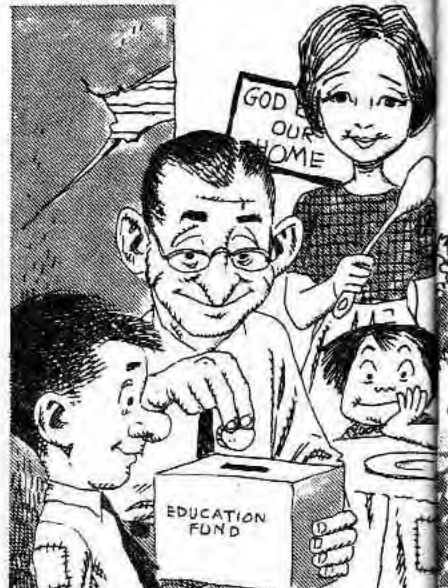
There wasn't much Harry could do to escape his fate—a west-side tenement.



But, by golly, his children were going to amount to something!



Simple pleasures were denied and every penny went toward the family goal.



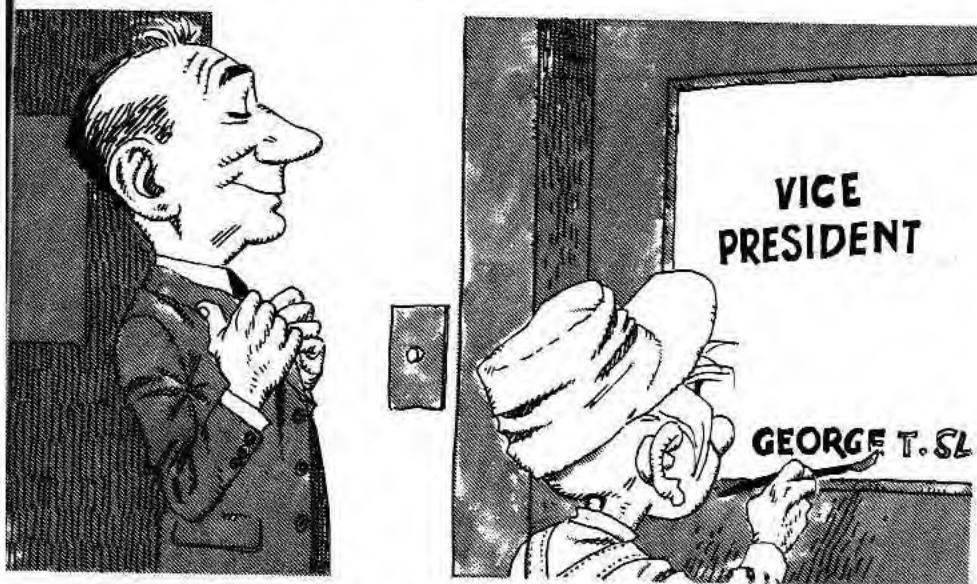
Then one day, the dream came true!



... And her family is still the poorest in a neighborhood of millionaires!



Then one day, the dream came true!



... And ulcer-plagued George is still craving.



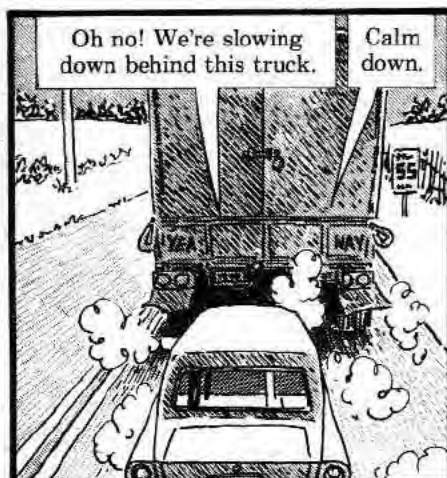
Then one day, the dream came true!



And Harry's sophisticated beatnik kids returned to their old, authentic Bohemian tenement.



THE CRACKED AUTOM



Oh no! We're slowing down behind this truck.

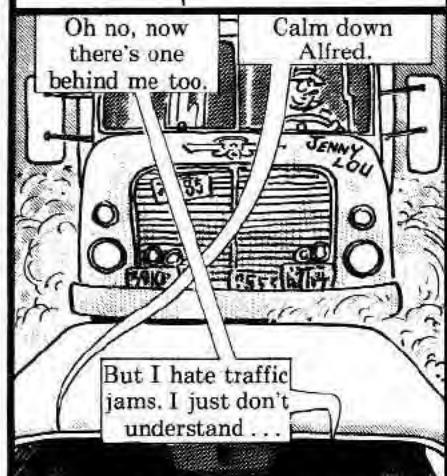
Calm down.

Yeah, but I hate being stuck behind a truck because you breathe in all his pollution and can't see anything ahead of you.



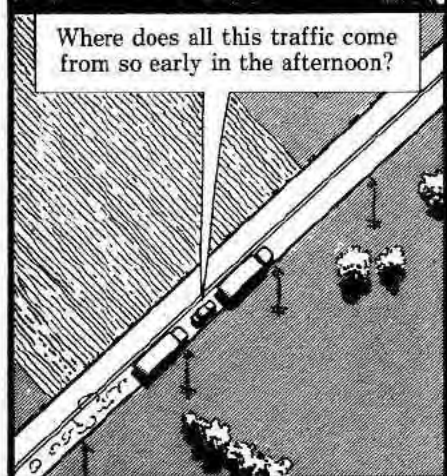
Oh no, now there's one behind me too.

Calm down Alfred.



But I hate traffic jams. I just don't understand ...

Where does all this traffic come from so early in the afternoon?



Where are you going Pop?

Your mother and I are driving downtown to see a movie.

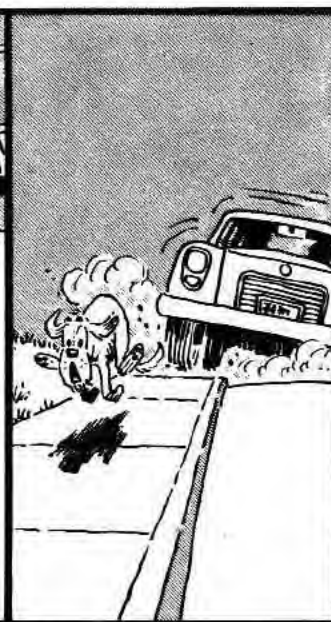
Driving!?!?



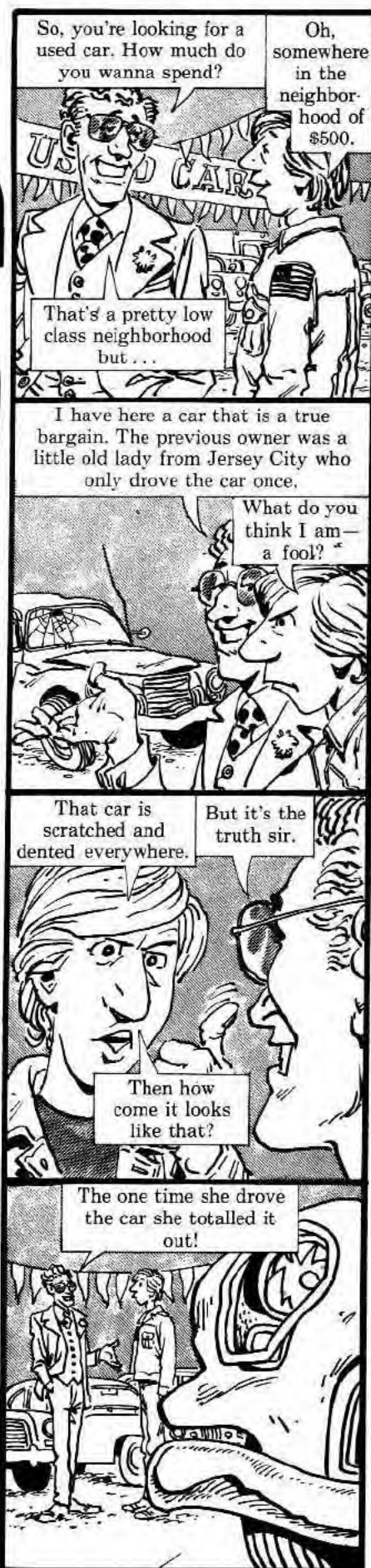
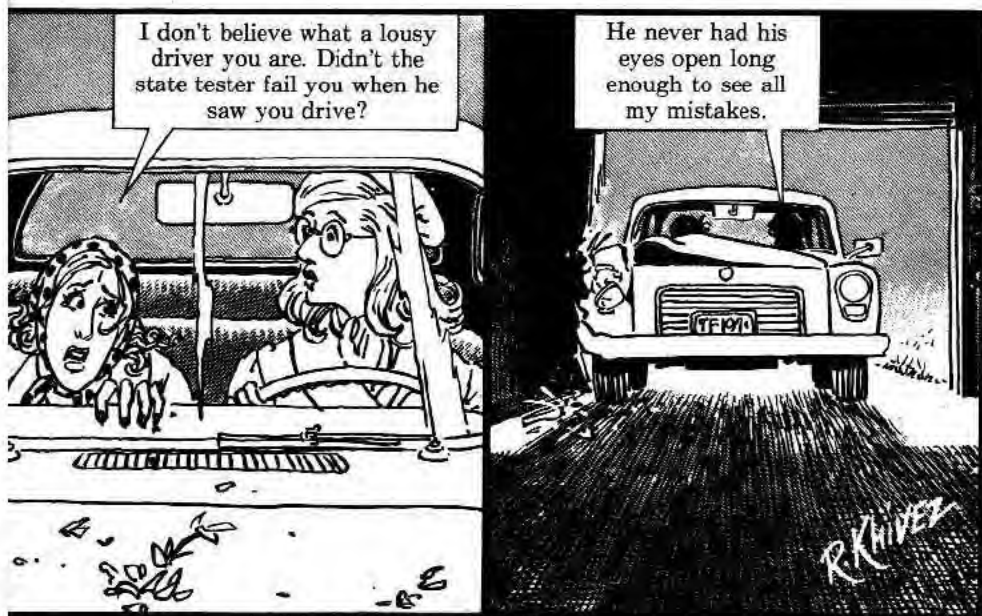
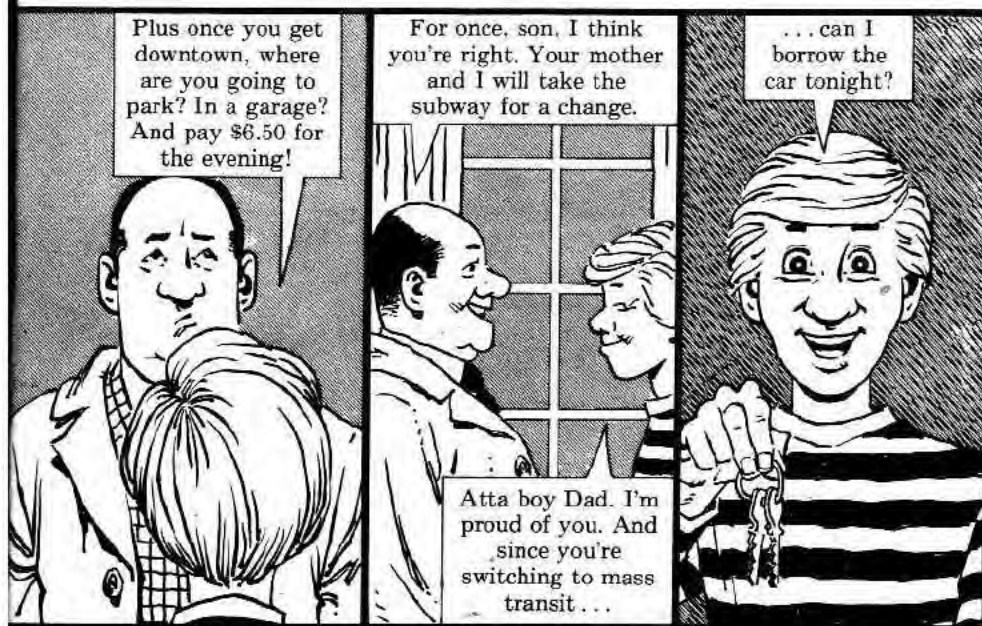
Pop, we live in the heart of a big city where mass transportation is abundant. We've got buses, subways and taxis.



Why, by driving, you're polluting the air even more. A bus holds 60 people whereas a car only holds 6!



WORLD OF MOBILES

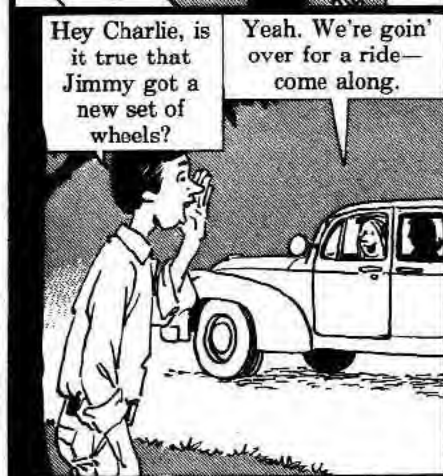


CRACKED is moving out of Cincinnati because you can't spell it.



Hey Gloria, did you hear Jimmy got a new set of wheels. I'm goin' over to see it. Wanna come?

Sure.



Hey Charlie, is it true that Jimmy got a new set of wheels?

Yeah. We're goin' over for a ride—come along.



Hey Jimmy.

Hi guys.

Where's your new set of wheels?

Right over here.

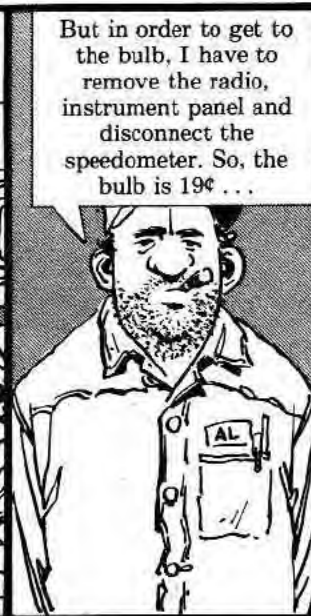
And next year, when I get enough money, I'm gonna buy the rest of the car.



My turn indicator isn't working. How much would it cost to fix?

The bulb is only 19¢.

Wow, that's cheap.



But in order to get to the bulb, I have to remove the radio, instrument panel and disconnect the speedometer. So, the bulb is 19¢ ...



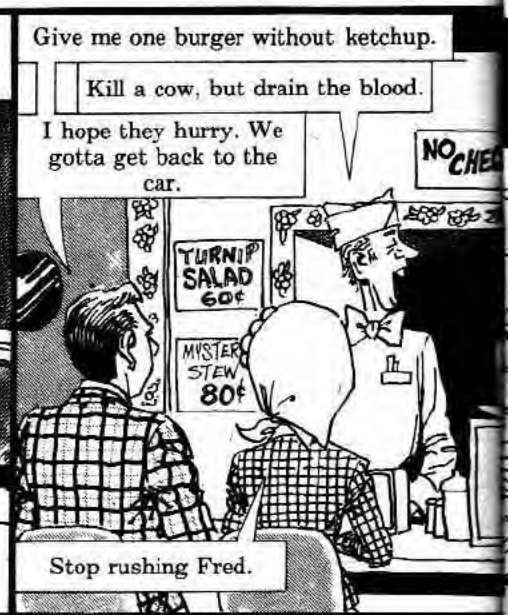
... but the labor is \$37.



Lock the car honey.

But we're only running in for a hamburger.

Laura, in this neighborhood, they'll strip your car of everything including the steering wheel.

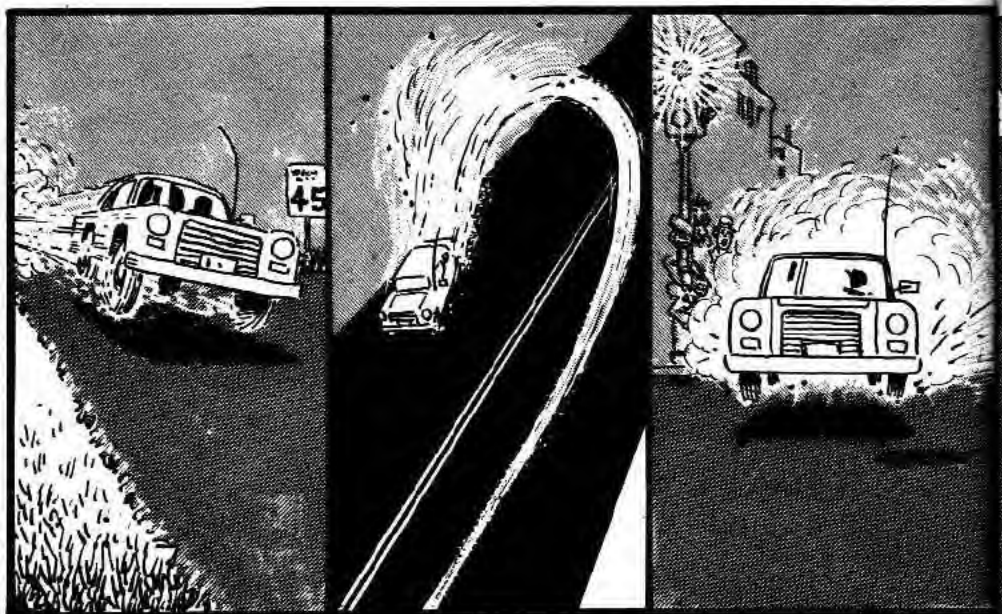


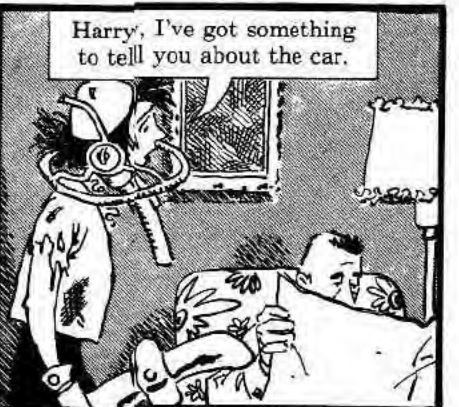
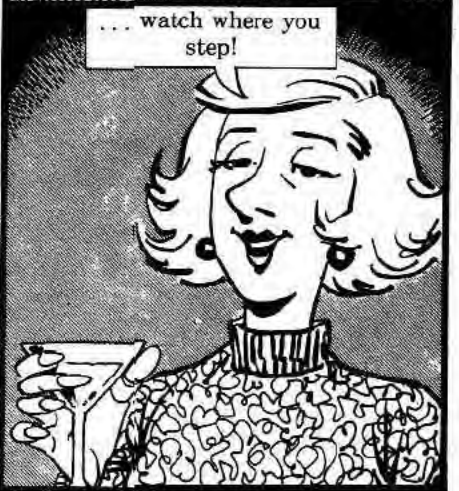
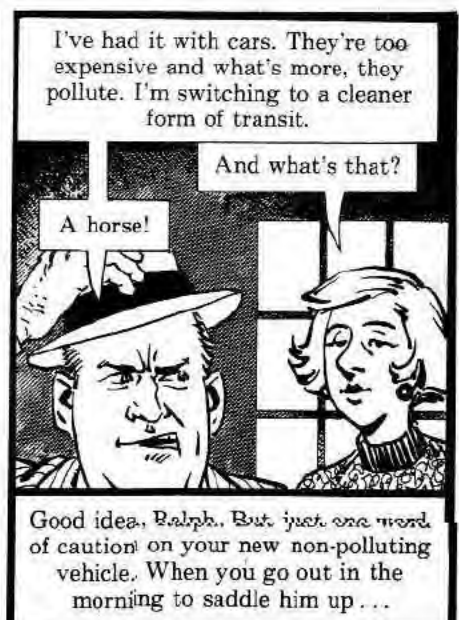
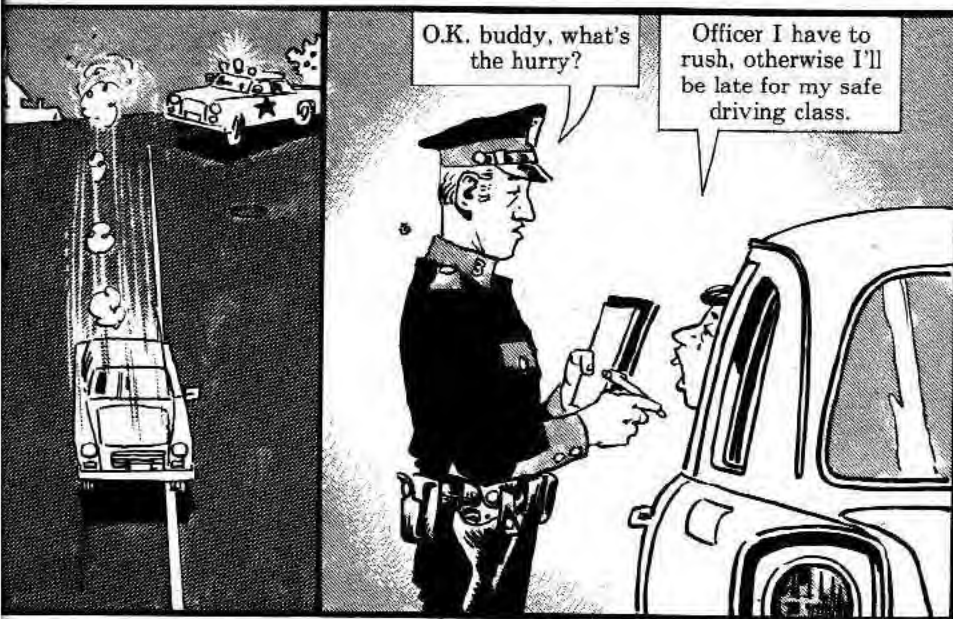
Give me one burger without ketchup.

Kill a cow, but drain the blood.

I hope they hurry. We gotta get back to the car.

Stop rushing Fred.





CRACKED is throwing fried rice at a Chinese wedding.



We've all done it before. Pulled that chair out from where somebody was going to sit, dropped the glass of chocolate milk on your girlfriend's new dress. And what else could you say, except...

**OOPS!
SORRY!**



The mobster who became a masseur now rubs people in!



**OOPS!
SORRY!**

J. EDGAR HOOVER SLEEPS WITH A NITE LIGHT



OOPS! SORRY!



**OOPS!
SORRY!**

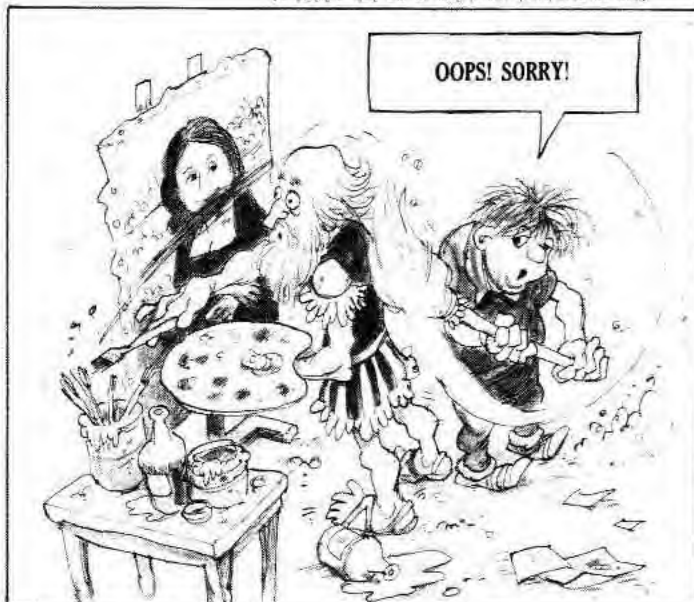
**RAIN
DANCE
TODAY**



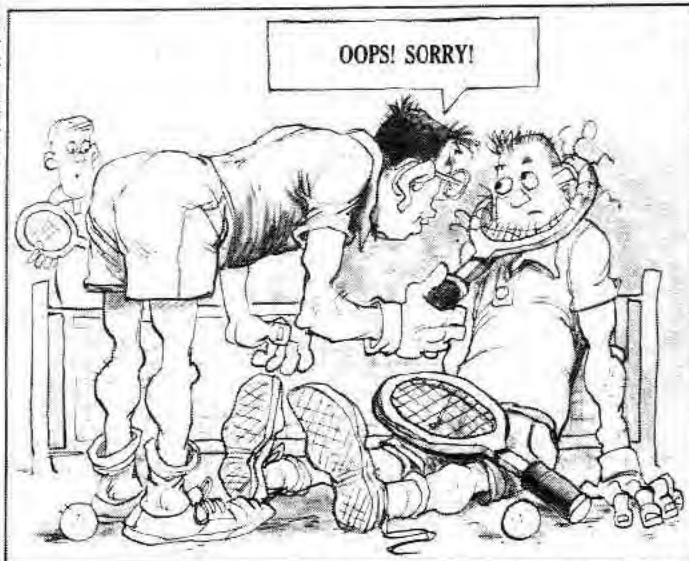
**OOPS!
SORRY!**



There are more beads around than you can shake a stick at.

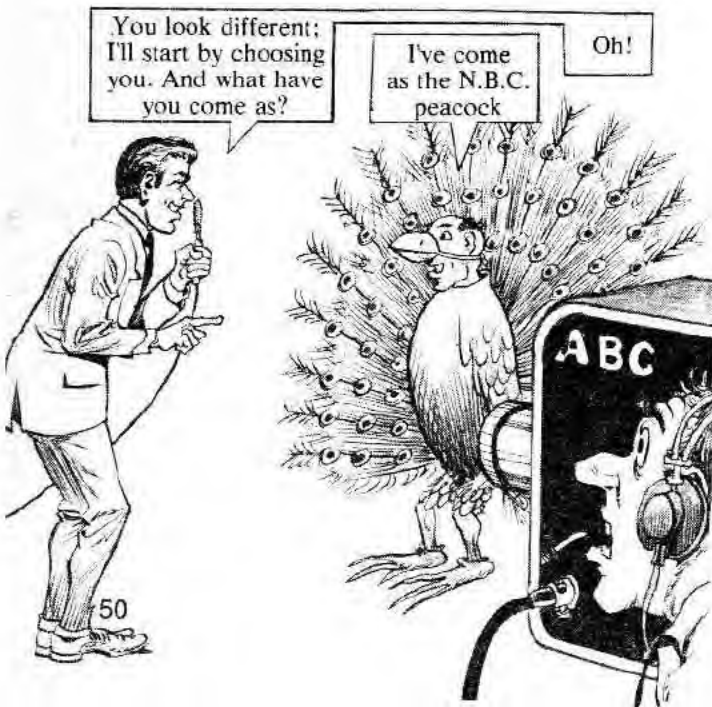


Every time Charlton Heston raises his arms, the water in his armpits goes up.



Each week on national television a certain T.V. personality makes a living by playing on the greed of other people. Perhaps you've seen the show (our condolences), but for those of you who haven't, **CRACKED** now presents that weekly avalanche of aggravating avarice known as...

"MAKE ME A DEAL"



Well, if you'd taken the walnut — there was a slip of paper good for all the silver you could carry out of Fort Knox. But you chose the curtain and you get (hee-hee)...

Oh, Monty, I think I made the wrong choice.

Two hundred reels of the best Katy Winters commercials ever made! Live a little!

Oh, that's cool, Monty!



Well, let's move along to our next deal. Moose-lover, I'll give you an elephant's toe nail clipper — if you have \$200 in cash.

Oh, just let me check Monty — I should have it under this stack of Kate Smith records. Oh yes Monty, I do. I have the money. Oh boy, I won something! I'm a winner!

I'LL TRADE MY COLLECTION OF MAURICE CHEVALIER RECORDS FOR FRANCE



Now — let me give this woman a chance. What did you bring me?

My 190-foot ball of red yarn that I've been saving since I was 17. It has great sentimental value.

Very good. Will you trade it for this candy bar?

Oh yes Monty — here.



Now I'll give you another deal. I'll let you have what's in my left shoe — or I'll give you (heh-heh) what's behind the curtain.

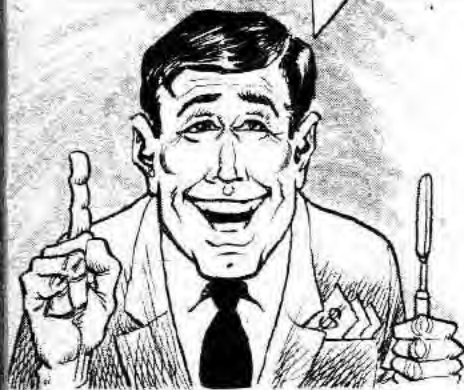
I'll take the curtain because I know that all you have in your left shoe is your right foot.

Well you turned down the keys to a 1970 car for, lo and behold, look — a 190-foot ball of yellow yarn.

Oh Monty, just what I wanted!! For sentimental value!



And now, grabbers, It's time for our big deal of the day. Usually I go back to the contestants who have won the most, but since no one has won anything today, I've chosen two other people who are putting up their own property.



Mrs. Rimbonski is risking her husband's airline! Mrs. Pugland is trading away her house and husband's life insurance. Now—behind one of these doors is the big deal of the day! A certificate for the ownership of the entire state of Rhode Island!



Now which door do you want, Mrs. Rimbonski?

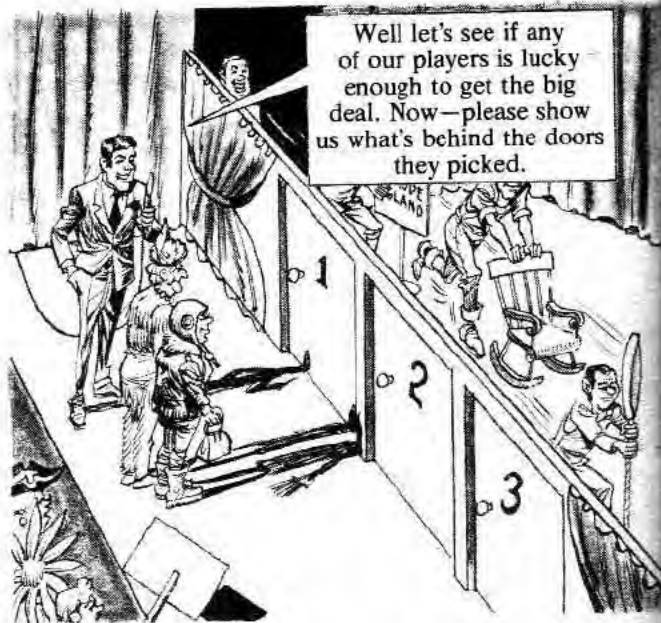
Well since I have one child, I'll take door number 3

And which door, Mrs. Pugland?

I'll take door number 2 because that's how many times my husband kicked me this morning.



Well let's see if any of our players is lucky enough to get the big deal. Now—please show us what's behind the doors they picked.



Please show us what's behind the doors they picked... Oh, it looks like none of you got the big deal. You did lose your house Mrs. Pugland, but you've got a lovely rocking chair for your living room—if you had one. But I've got something else for you.

Well Monty... I've got something for you!



... And this is Monty Corridor running out of mike cable and asking you to tune in next week when "Make Me a Deal" will be seen live... from the Bombwell Medical Hospital. Bye!




In the past, **CRACKED** has interviewed business leaders of all types showing you, the public, the real way they operate. And now, we come through for you again, as this time...

CRACKED

INTERVIEWS THE LEMONADE king

CRACKED is shooting the information clerk at the bus terminal because he knows too much.



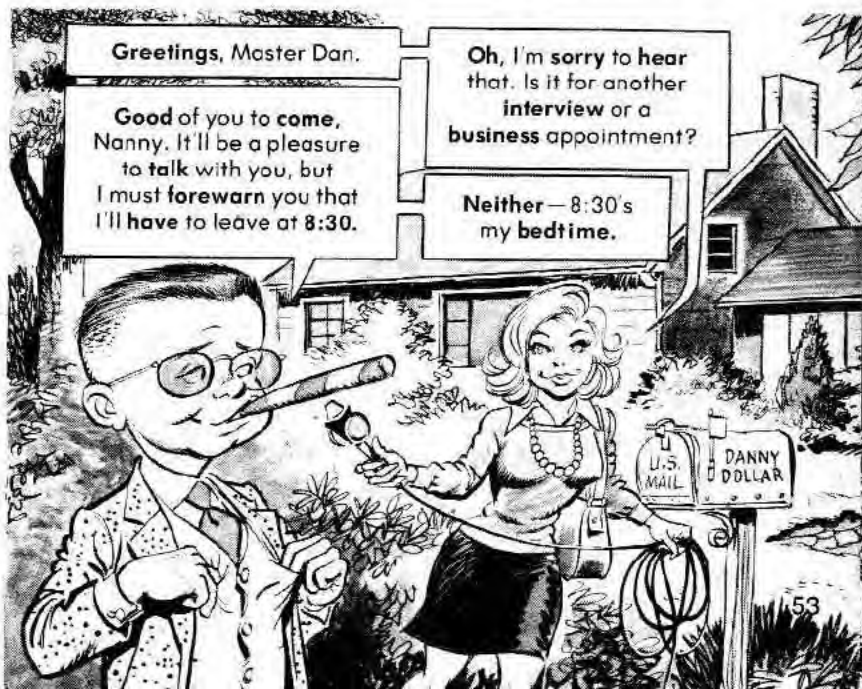
Hi, this is Nanny Dickering for **CRACKED** again and this month I'm visiting probably the richest under-30 tycoon we've ever interviewed. He's none other than 9-year-old Danny Dollar... known to the world as the "Lemonade King."

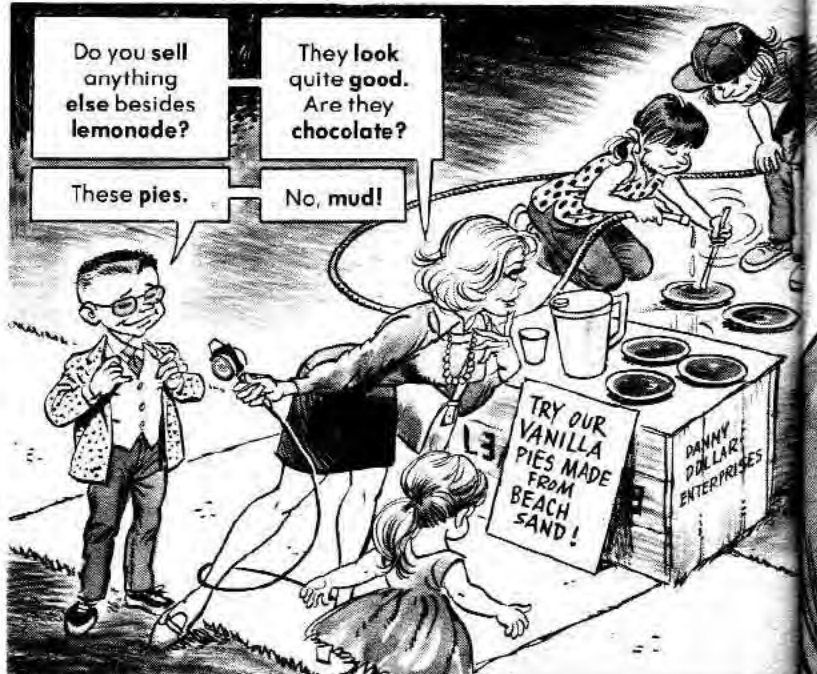
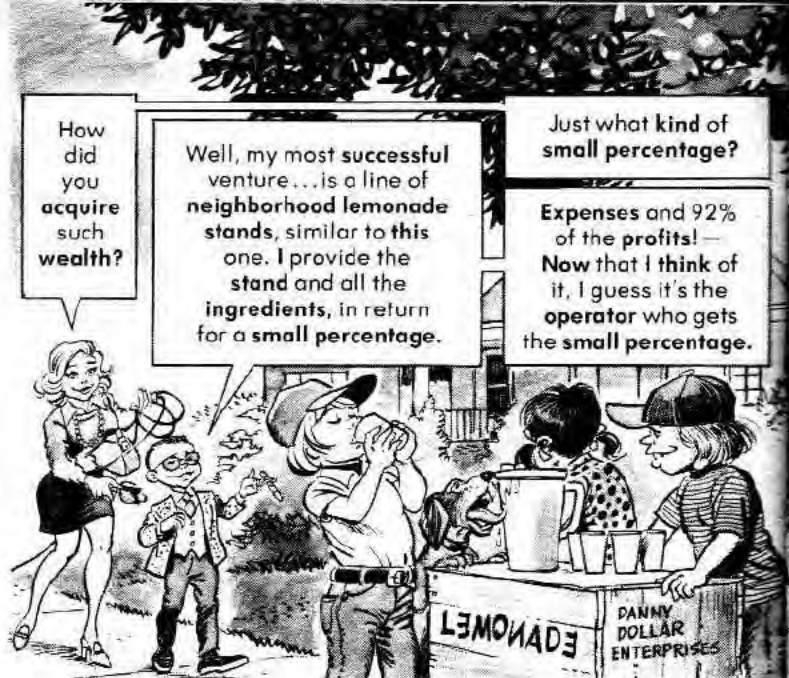
Greetings, Master Dan.

Good of you to come, Nanny. It'll be a pleasure to talk with you, but I must forewarn you that I'll have to leave at 8:30.

Oh, I'm sorry to hear that. Is it for another interview or a business appointment?

Neither—8:30's my bedtime.





Bobby just hit a ball through Mr. Smith's window. We need your help before Smith tells his mother.

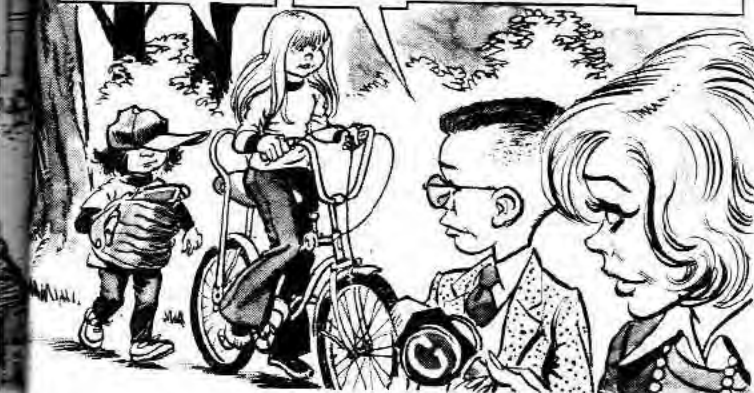
That'll cost you 20 comic books!

We don't have them now, but I'll leave his bike as collateral, if it's OK?

Sure. I'll be there right away.

How are you going to get Bobby out of this?

You can come along, Nanny, but you'll have to hide in the bushes. An adult present would blow my whole gig.



Mr. Smith, this is the young urchin who accidentally targeted a misguided projectile through your window. Forgive him or beat him to a pulp, but please don't tell his wicked mother.

How'd you get those two broken legs, kid?

I misplaced the butter in our refrigerator and my mother threw me out a third floor window.



She's got a slight temper.

Oh, yes...and for a broken window she'd surely tie me to the back of her car and drive me up and down the railroad track.

OK, kid — you're off. But don't let it happen again.

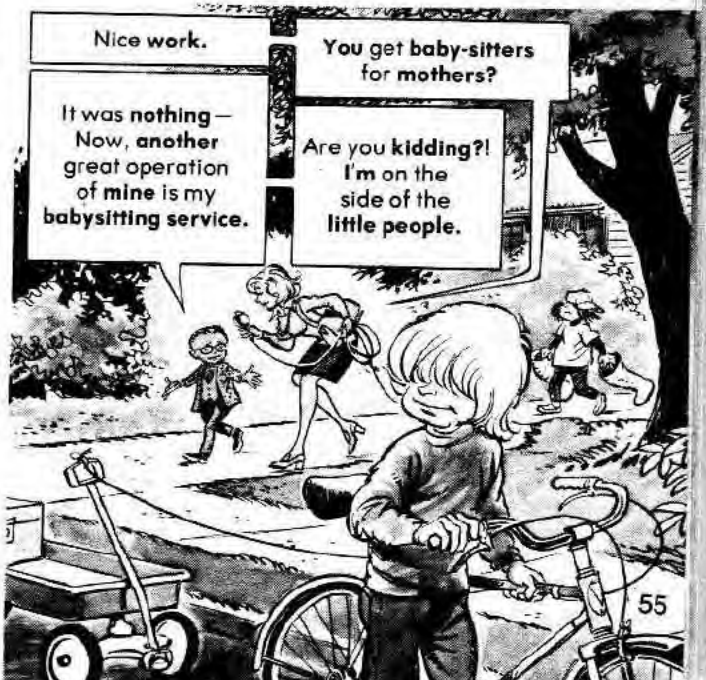


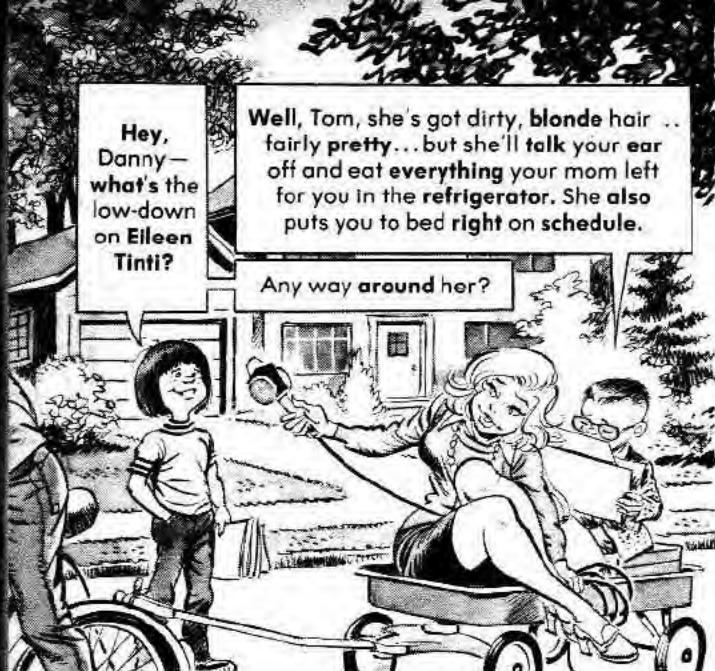
Nice work.

You get baby-sitters for mothers?

It was nothing — Now, another great operation of mine is my babysitting service.

Are you kidding?! I'm on the side of the little people.





Hey, Danny—
what's the
low-down
on Eileen
Tinti?

Well, Tom, she's got dirty, blonde hair ...
fairly pretty ... but she'll talk your ear
off and eat everything your mom left
for you in the refrigerator. She also
puts you to bed right on schedule.

Any way around her?



Yup. She's got a weak left knee ... just ripe
for kicking. And if you threaten to tell
the whole block she beats up her little
sister Marianne, she'll let you stay up.

Thanks—
here's your
six comic books.



I also make
a fortune each
year from my
"cute sayings" file.

What's that?

For one comic book, I
give a kid three dumb
statements that'll make
even the most miserable
brat look adorable.



As an
illustration—
park your
peepers to
your left. That
kid is one
of my most
frequent clients.

Oh, look at
that poor
bird over
there. He's
got oil
all over
his body.

Ma, is that
the "oily bird"
you're always
talking about
that catches
the worm?

Oily
bird!
Why,
that's
so cute.
Ha ha.



And, if a kid's not too good at remembering cutesy
sayings, I also have a whole line of rubber dimples.



Are there any
other gadgets
you deal in?

Well, I also rent
out plastic cheeks.

What's the
purpose
of them?



Sururi



THE SNOW JOB SECTION:

Each year, millions of people head for the mountains for fun in the snow. Skiing has become so popular that the latest figures show that nearly 30 million Americans are on skis (most of 'em for only a short time). Skiing is catching on so rapidly that many ski resorts are booked solid months in advance, as are near-by hospitals.

CRACKED

TAKES A LOOK AT SKIING



more
for me!

I may look like
a coward, but
think of all the
money I'm
saving on
accident
insurance!

HELP!

Where's
the
olive?
(Hic!)

Arf! I
ate it.
(Hic!)

Oh no, no, no!
My Blue
Cross ran out
yesterday!

I spent \$80 for a pair of
skis and \$200 for ban-
dages and lotion!

But
ficer,
only
35
miles a
now
ank!

Next they'll be
putting in "Ski"
and "Don't Ski"
signs!

Smokey
the Bear
taught
me!

Business is so
good that the
hospital has
standing
room only!

I told my wife that
we should spend
our vacation at
the beach, but
she said no!

don't you
k where
re going?

I bet you won't
believe it, but this
is my first time
on skis.

I
believe
it!

Break
your
leg
skiing?

No! I kicked myself
for spending all that
money on this silly
ski stuff!

HOT DOG
25¢

Two
to
go!

POP 15¢
MOM 20¢

MCCARTNEY

BOTTOMS

BOTTLE
FATIGUE

SECTION:

da

"Now I know I have to stop drinking.
I'm seeing pink gorillas!"



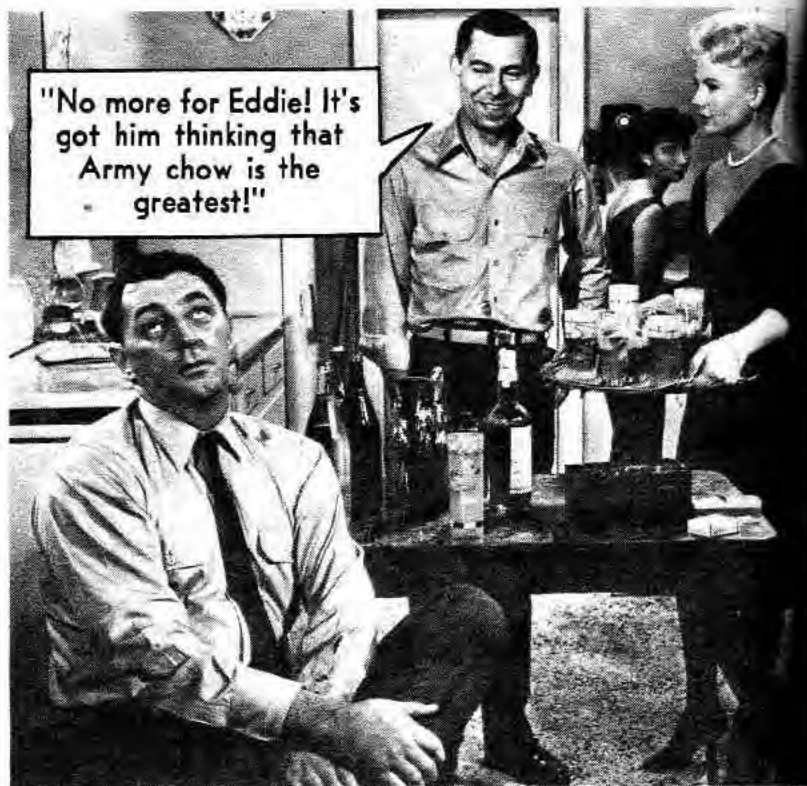
"Read me that part about
rub-a-dub-dub, three men in a tub
again. It just doesn't seem
to make sense!"



"OH! It's THE CREATURE FROM
BLACK'S SALOON—your father!"



"No more for Eddie! It's
got him thinking that
Army chow is the
greatest!"



"Glad to meet any aunt
of Dean Martin!"



In "Blazing Saddles" satirist Mel Brooks does the ultimate spoof on westerns. He now threatens to do the same for monster pictures with a take-off on "Frankenstein". **CRACKED** imagines how other film classics might fare at the hands of this nutty film-maker. You're invited to come along as we go . . .

PELL-MELL WITH MEL

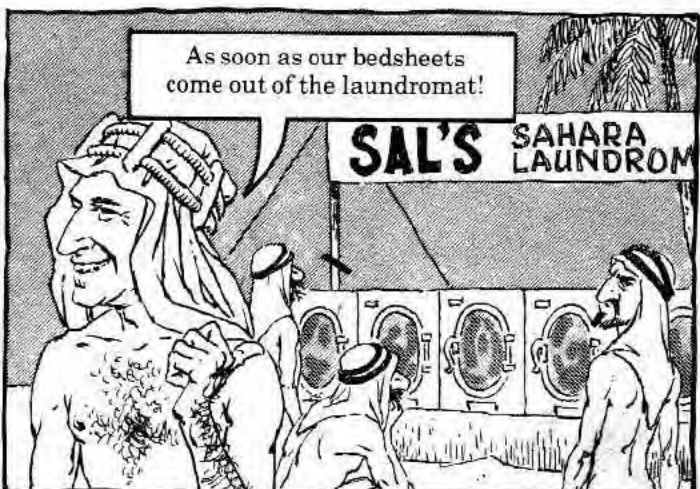
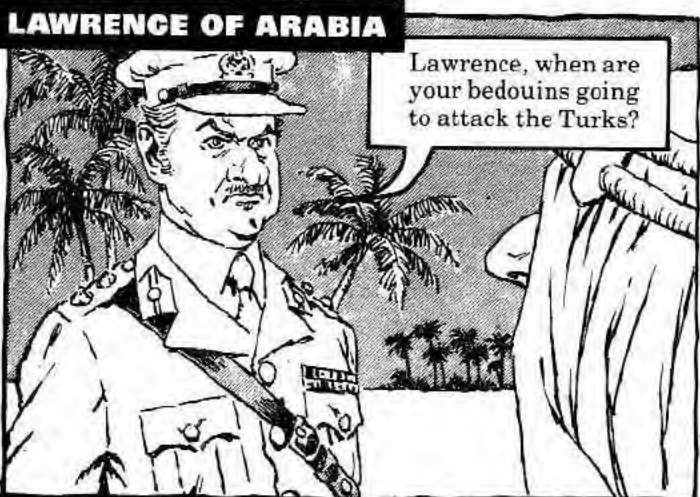
CRACKED is applying for a job at the Eagle Laundry because you like to wash eagles.

Mort Harrier

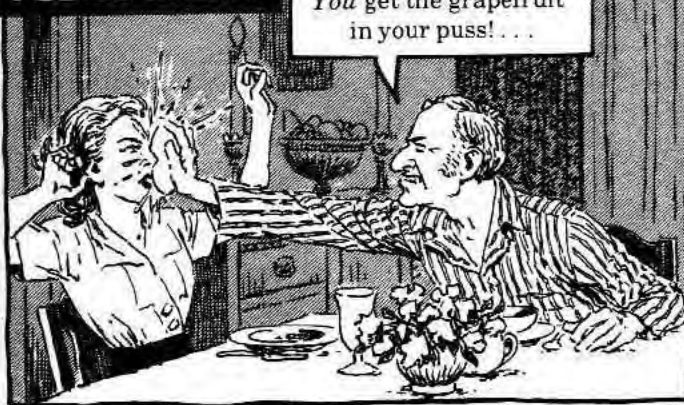
THE EXORCIST



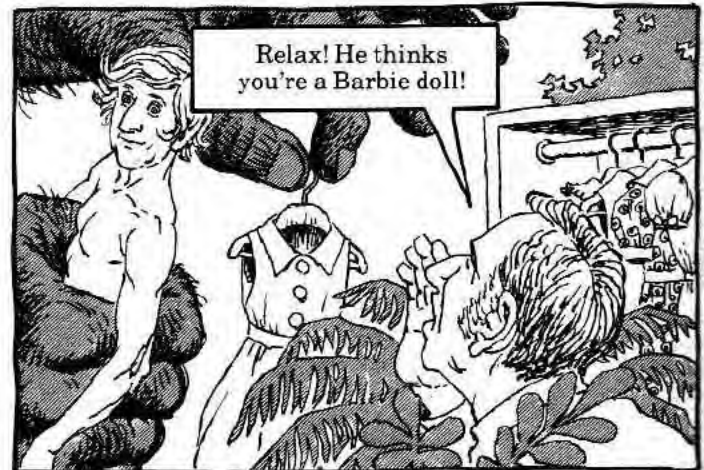
LAWRENCE OF ARABIA



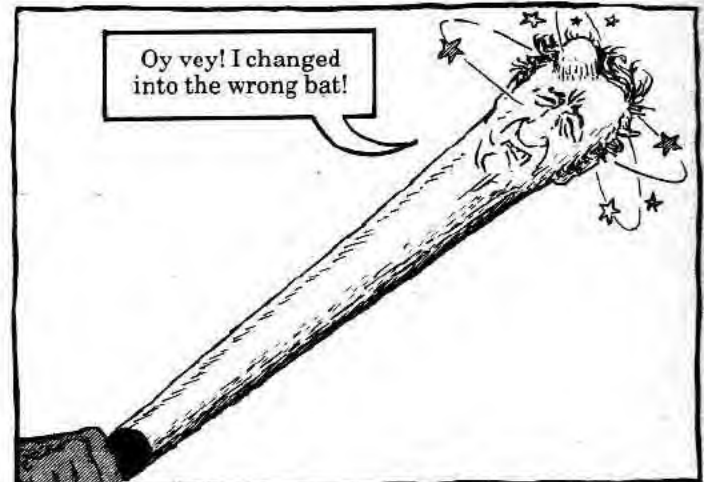
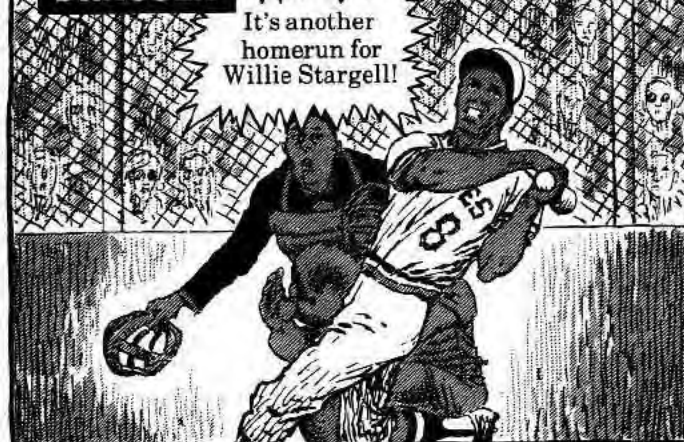
PUBLIC ENEMY



KING KONG



DRACULA



DAWN PATROL

22 ND PURSUIT SQUADRON	
ROSTER	STATUS
BENSON-WHITE	dead
SHILLINGTON	dead
BROWN	dead
CARTWHEEL	dead
DANKINS	missing
BROOKS	dead
CADWALLER	dead
KELLY	missing
MILTON	dead
MOSCOWITZ	dead
HATCHER	dead

Major, why must you always send me green kids as replacements?



ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT

What do the French use in their gas attacks. Chlorine? Phosgene?

No, something more deadly!



... their dirty socks!



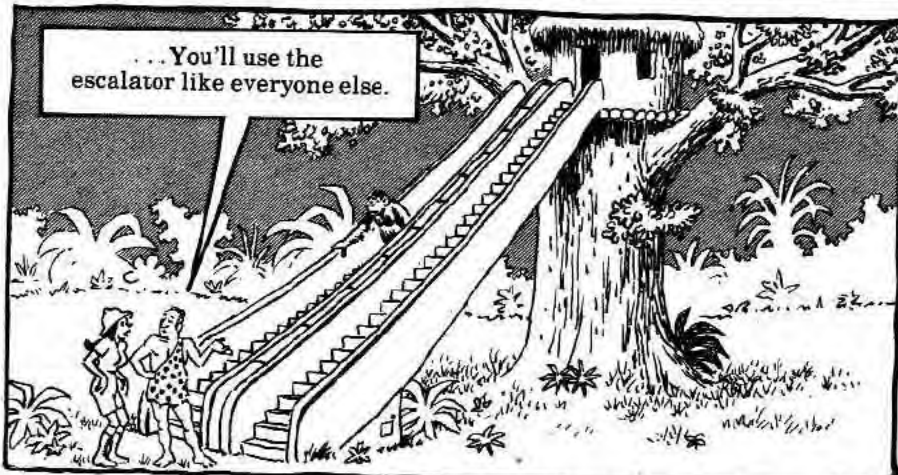
TARZAN

Is Tarzan going to carry his Jane to his tree-top jungle home?

No!



... You'll use the escalator like everyone else.



BEAU GESTE

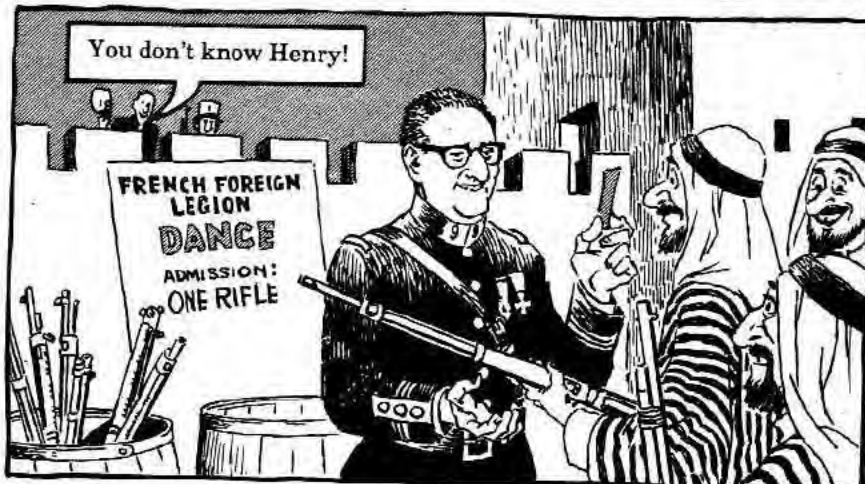
We're saved! There's our reinforcement!

How can one legionnaire help stem the tide against the Arabs?



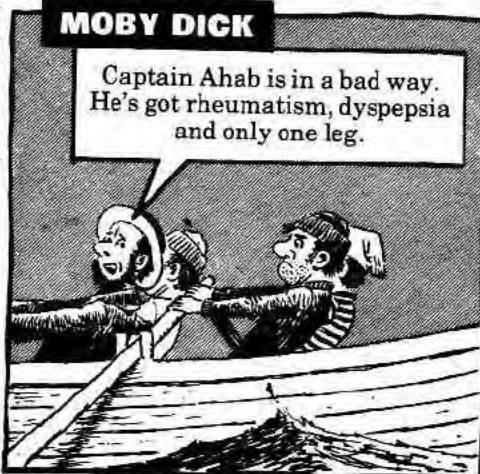
You don't know Henry!

FRENCH FOREIGN LEGION DANCE
ADMISSION: ONE RIFLE



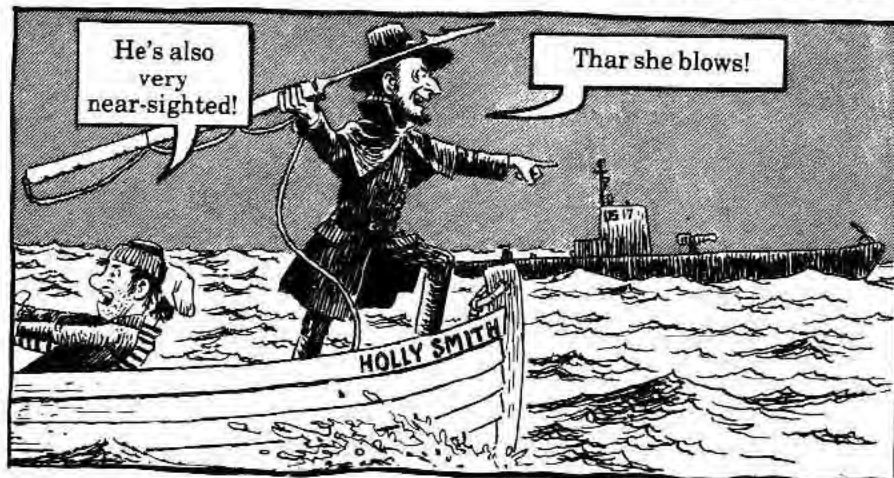
MOBY DICK

Captain Ahab is in a bad way. He's got rheumatism, dyspepsia and only one leg.



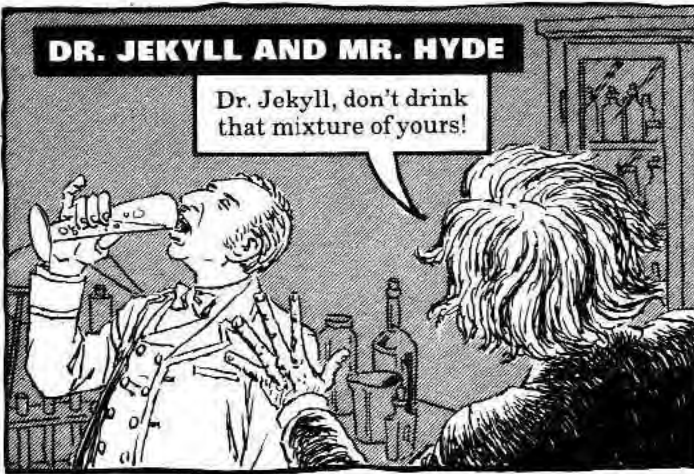
He's also very near-sighted!

Thar she blows!

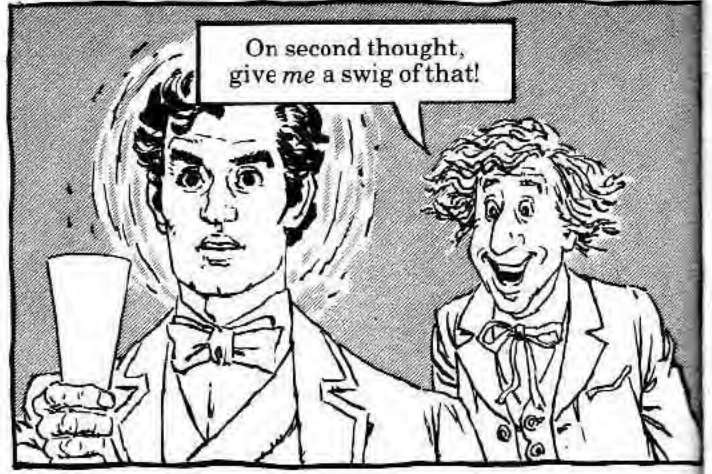


DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE

Dr. Jekyll, don't drink that mixture of yours!



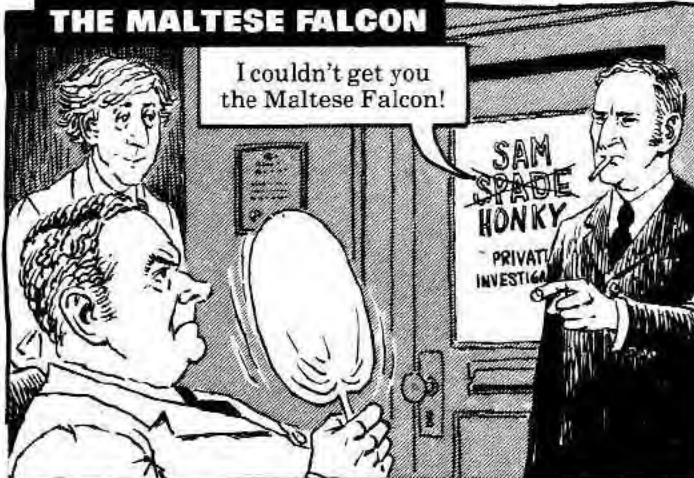
On second thought, give me a swig of that!



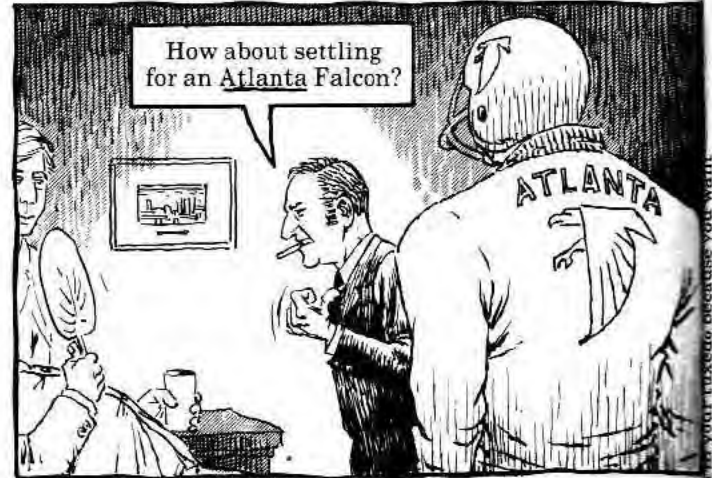
THE MALTESE FALCON

I couldn't get you the Maltese Falcon!

SAM SPADE HONKY PRIVATE INVESTIGATION



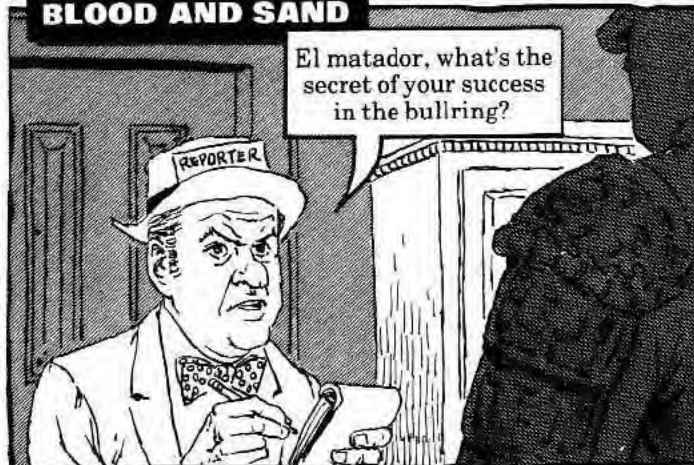
How about settling for an Atlanta Falcon?



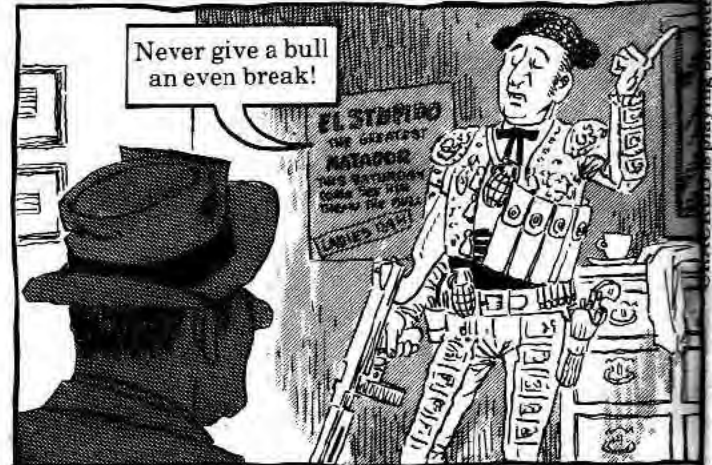
BLOOD AND SAND

El matador, what's the secret of your success in the bullring?

REPORTER



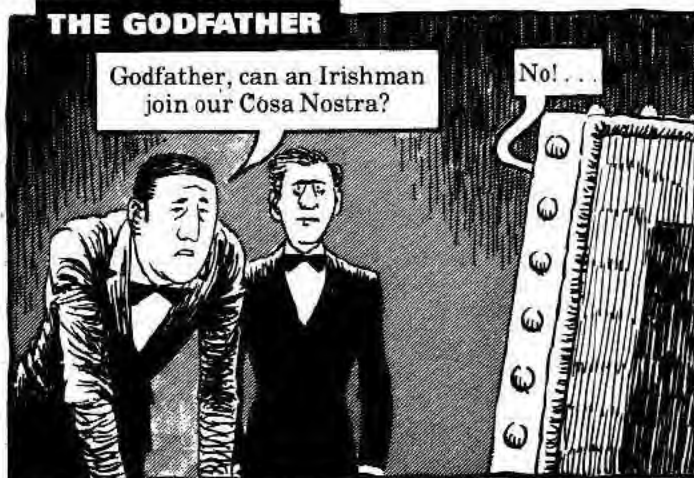
Never give a bull an even break!



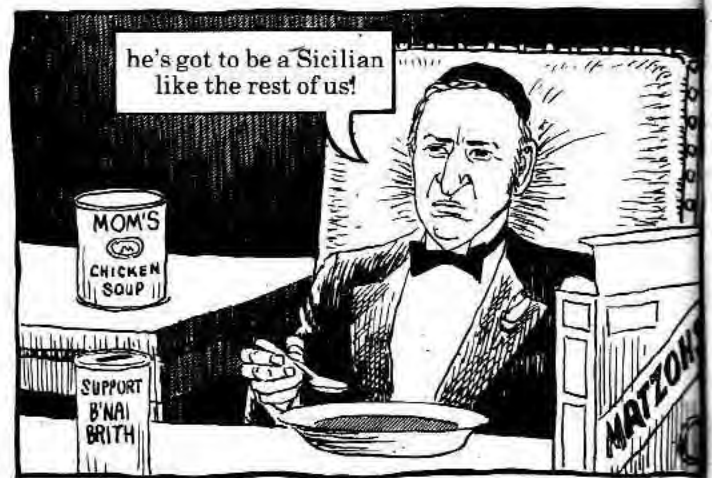
THE GODFATHER

Godfather, can an Irishman join our Cosa Nostra?

No!...



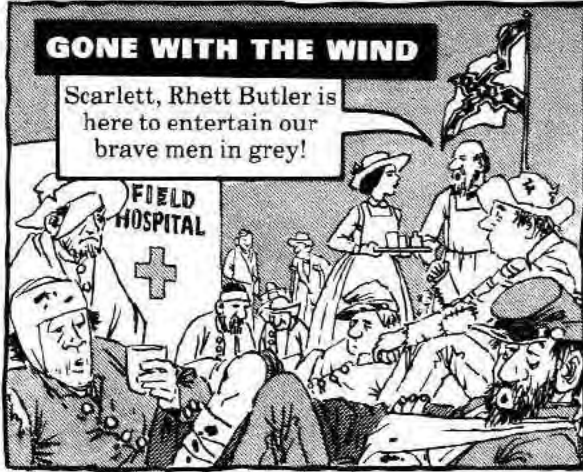
he's got to be a Sicilian like the rest of us!



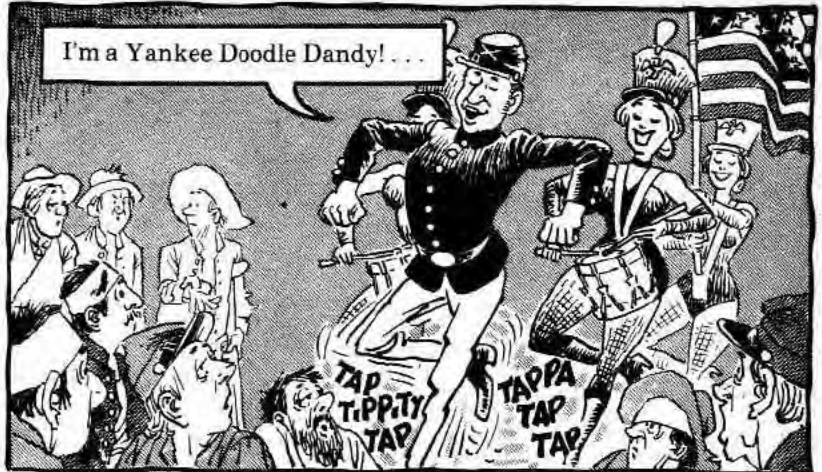
CRACKED is keeping your nose to the grindstone so long you develop a sinus condition.

GONE WITH THE WIND

Scarlett, Rhett Butler is here to entertain our brave men in grey!

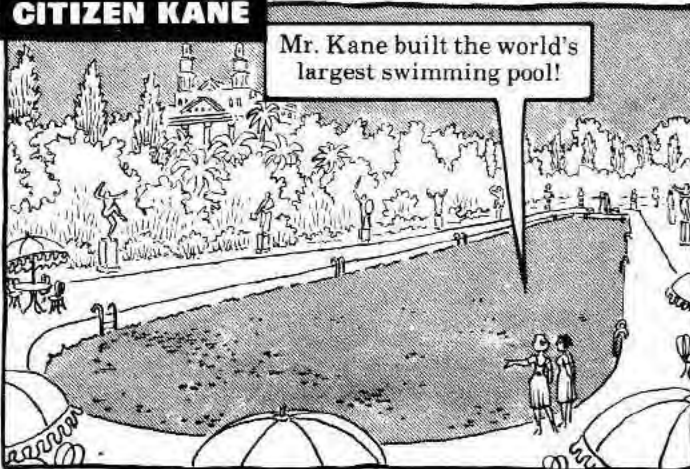


I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy!...

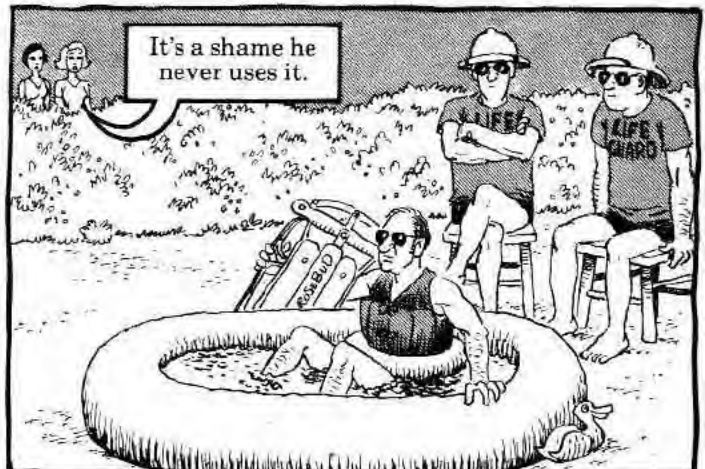


CITIZEN KANE

Mr. Kane built the world's largest swimming pool!

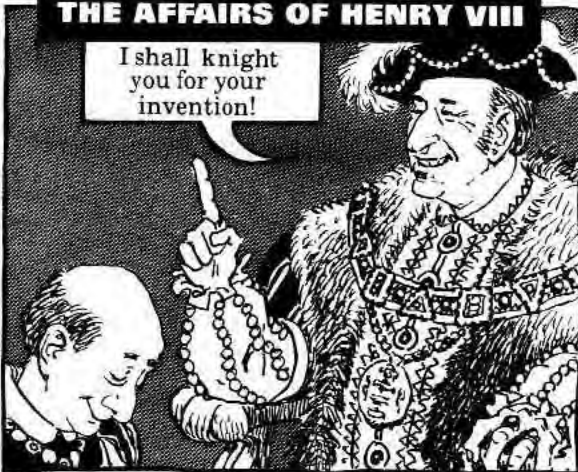


It's a shame he never uses it.

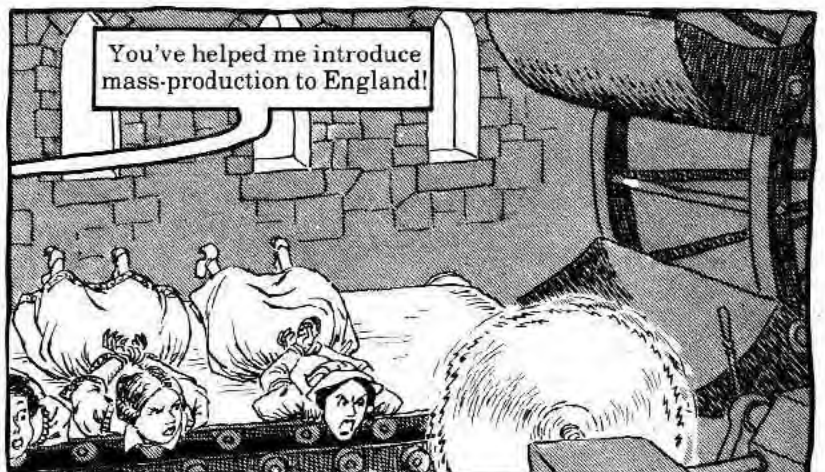


THE AFFAIRS OF HENRY VIII

I shall knight you for your invention!

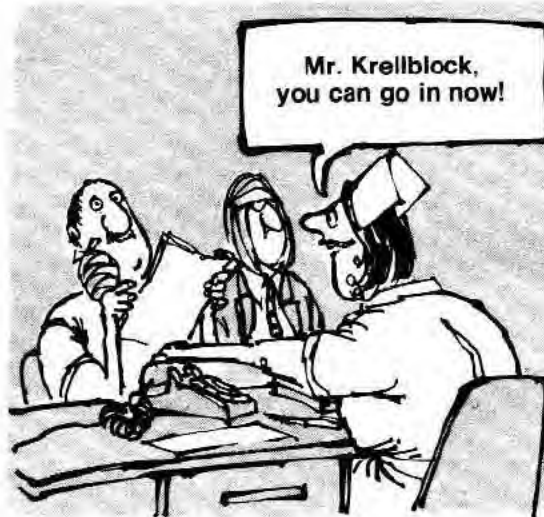
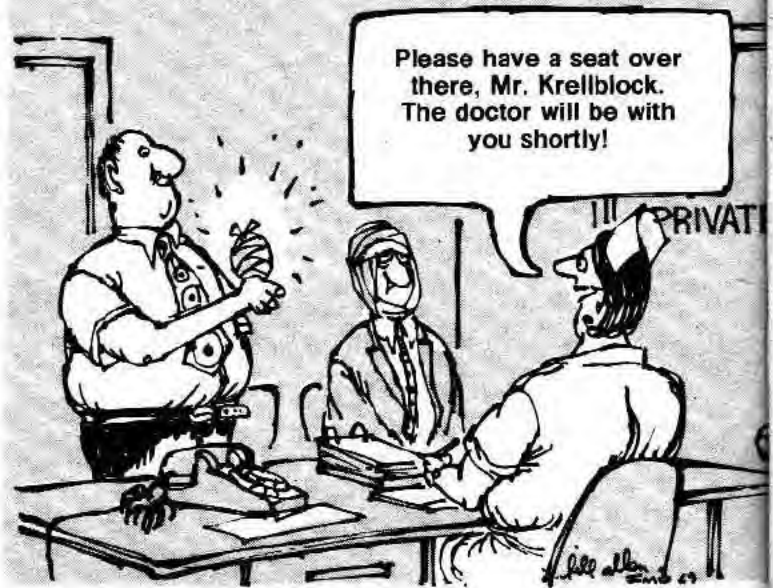
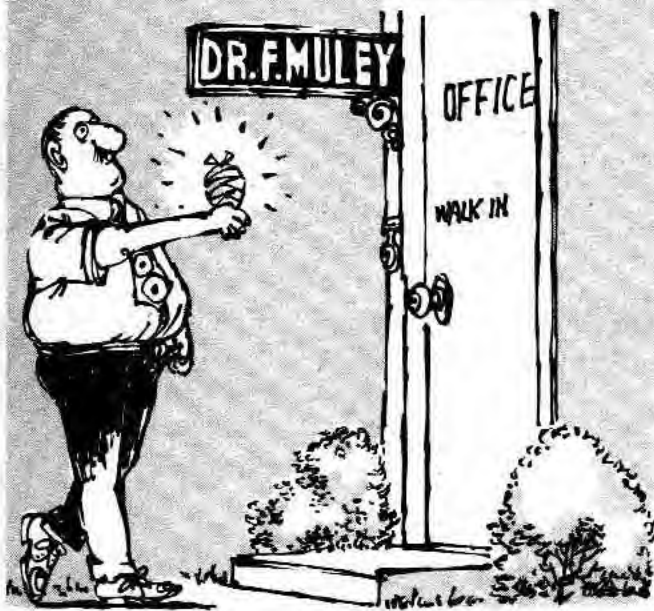


You've helped me introduce mass-production to England!



Dear Mr. Editor
 Sorry about the borders
 on this storie but I was usin
 Charlie Rodrigues' ruler -
 Mort

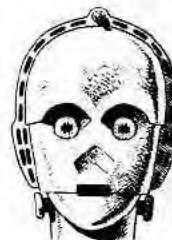
one morning in the doctor's office...





A Flip-Out!

**THE NEWEST
CRACKED**



**FLIP THE
STARS
BOOK**

INSTRUCTIONS:

Cut along dotted lines, and then flip the sections! You'll be amazed at the transformations that take place. There are hundreds of hilarious combinations that make for hours of fantastic fun!



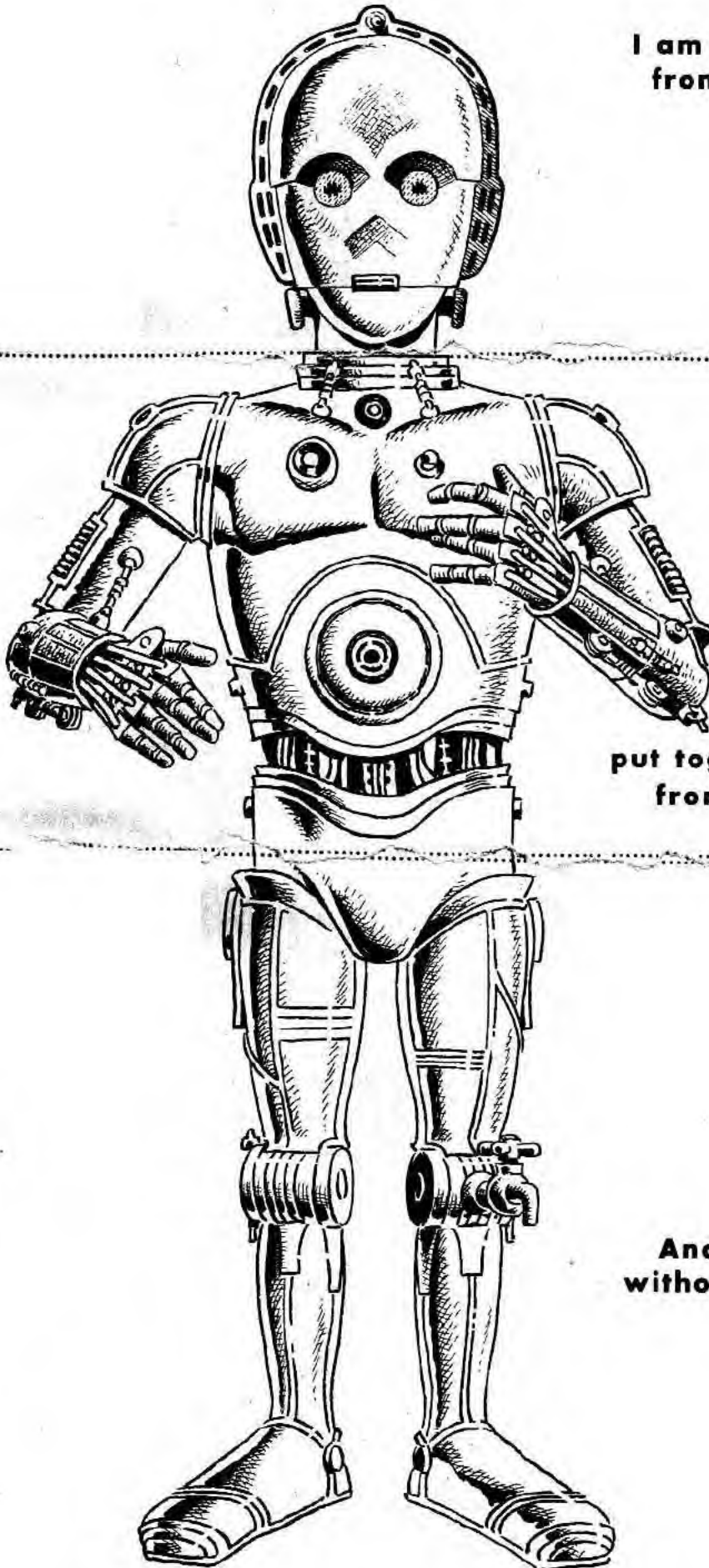
**I am a star
from Star Wars.**

**I am so furry
I am sometimes
mistaken for a rug**

**And all
I can say
is G-R-R-R.**



**I am the Tin Man
from Star Wars.**



**I am
put together with parts
from a junk yard**


**And I am stuck
without my oil can.**

**I am
a neat girl.**

**I work
in a beer factory**

**And I like
to eat pizza.**





**I am
a tough guy.**

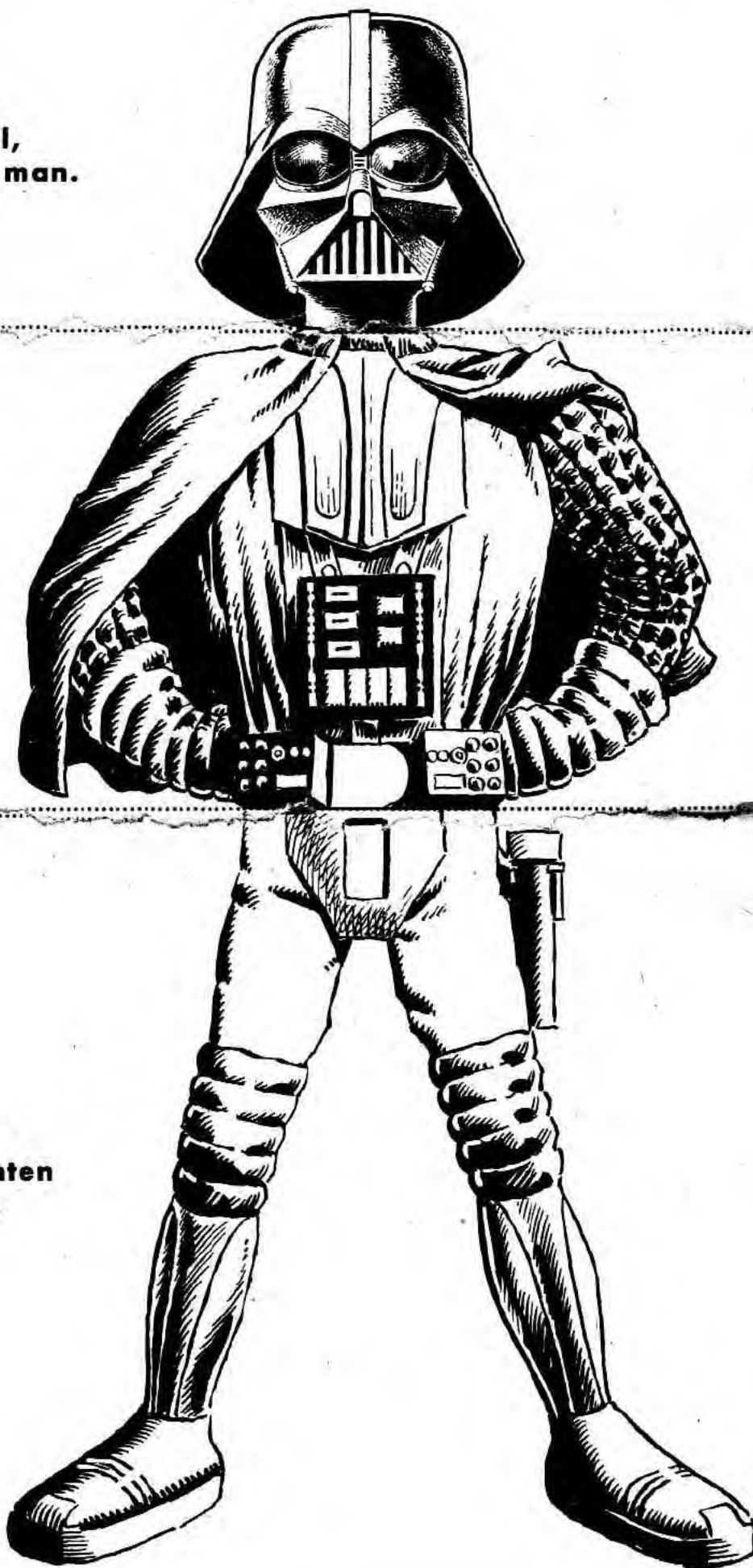
**I hit people
to make a living**

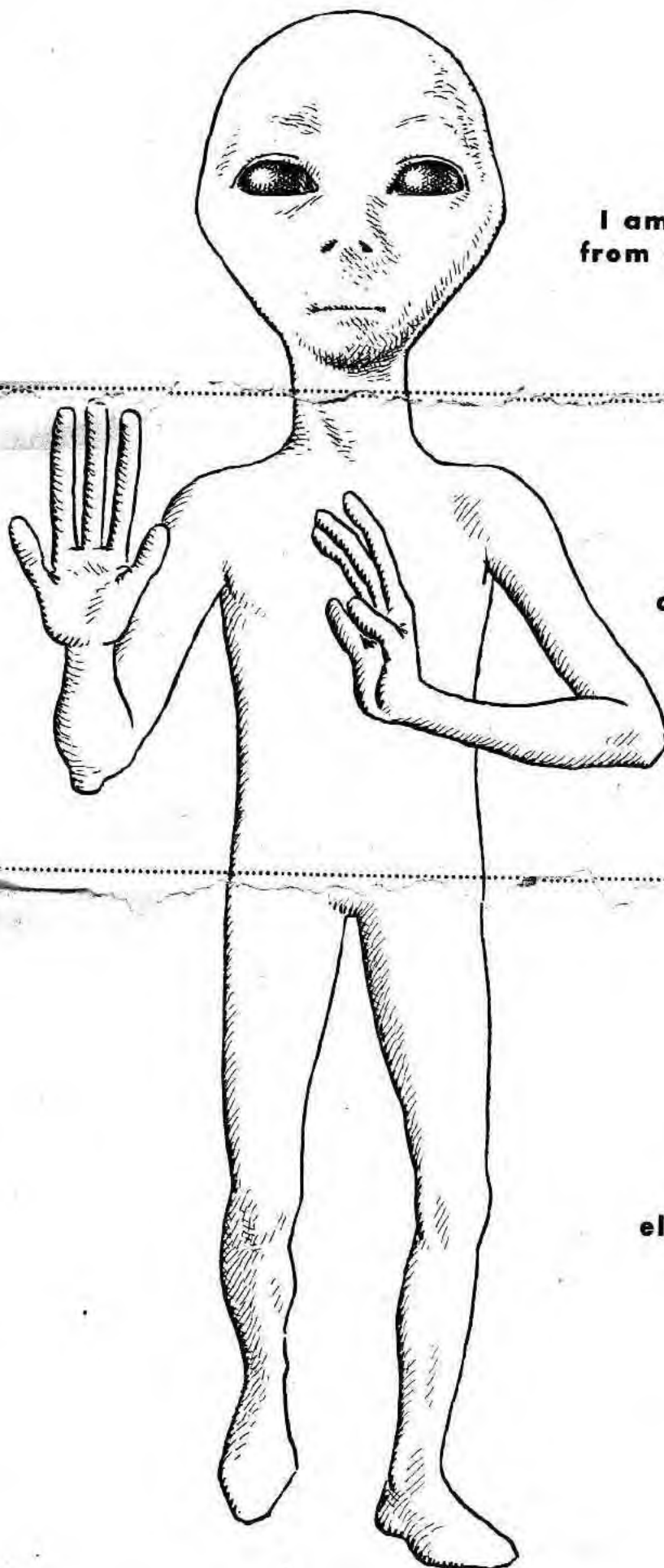
**And I like
to play with
turtles.**

**I am
the evil,
breathful man.**

**I am from
a Galaxie
far, far away**

**And I frighten
people.**





**I am a space visitor
from Close Encounters.**

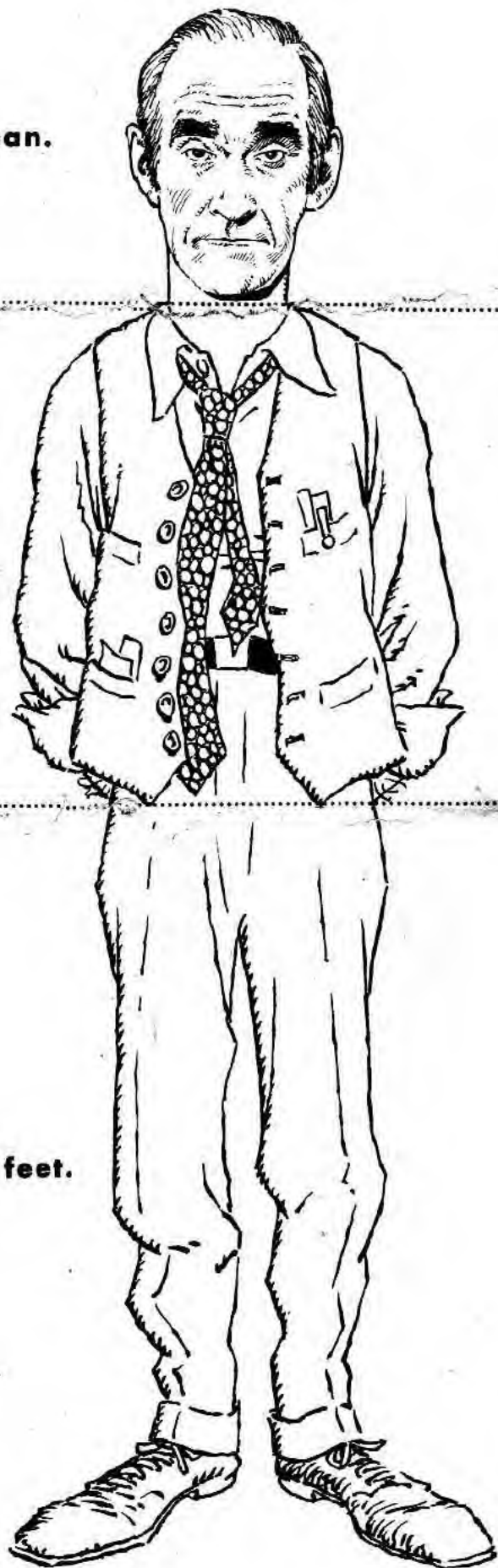
**I am made
of top grade rubber**

**And I like
electronic music.**

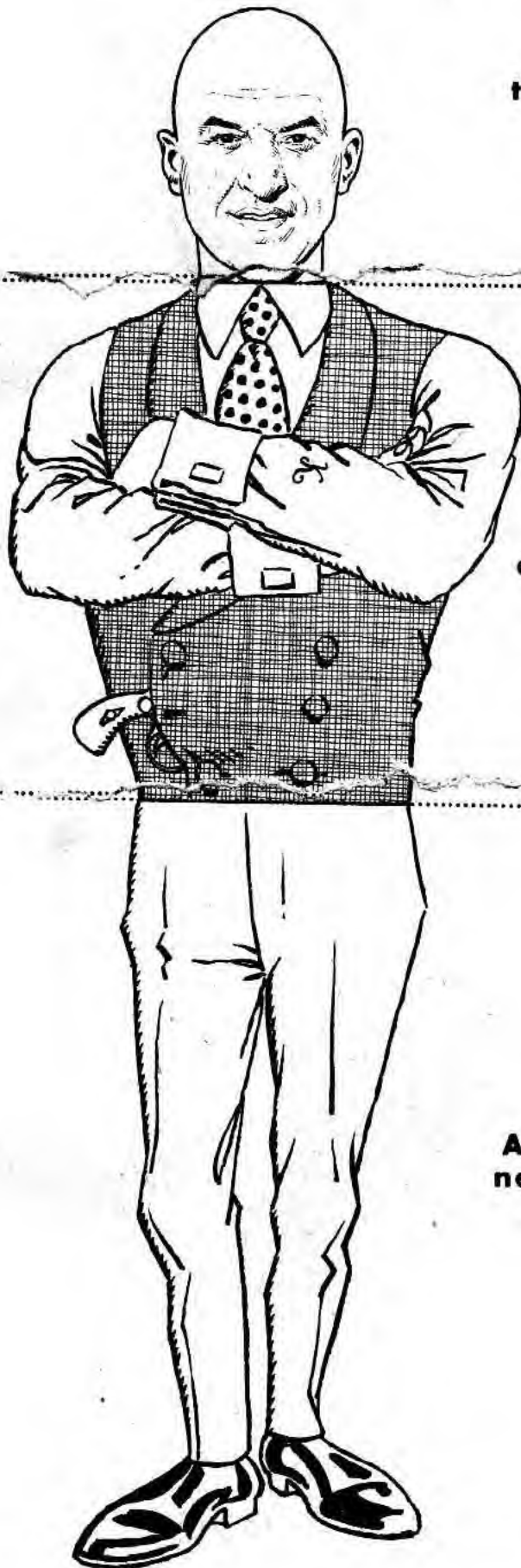
**I am
a disgruntled man.**

**I walked
the beat for 30 years**

And I have flat feet.



**I am
the top cop.**



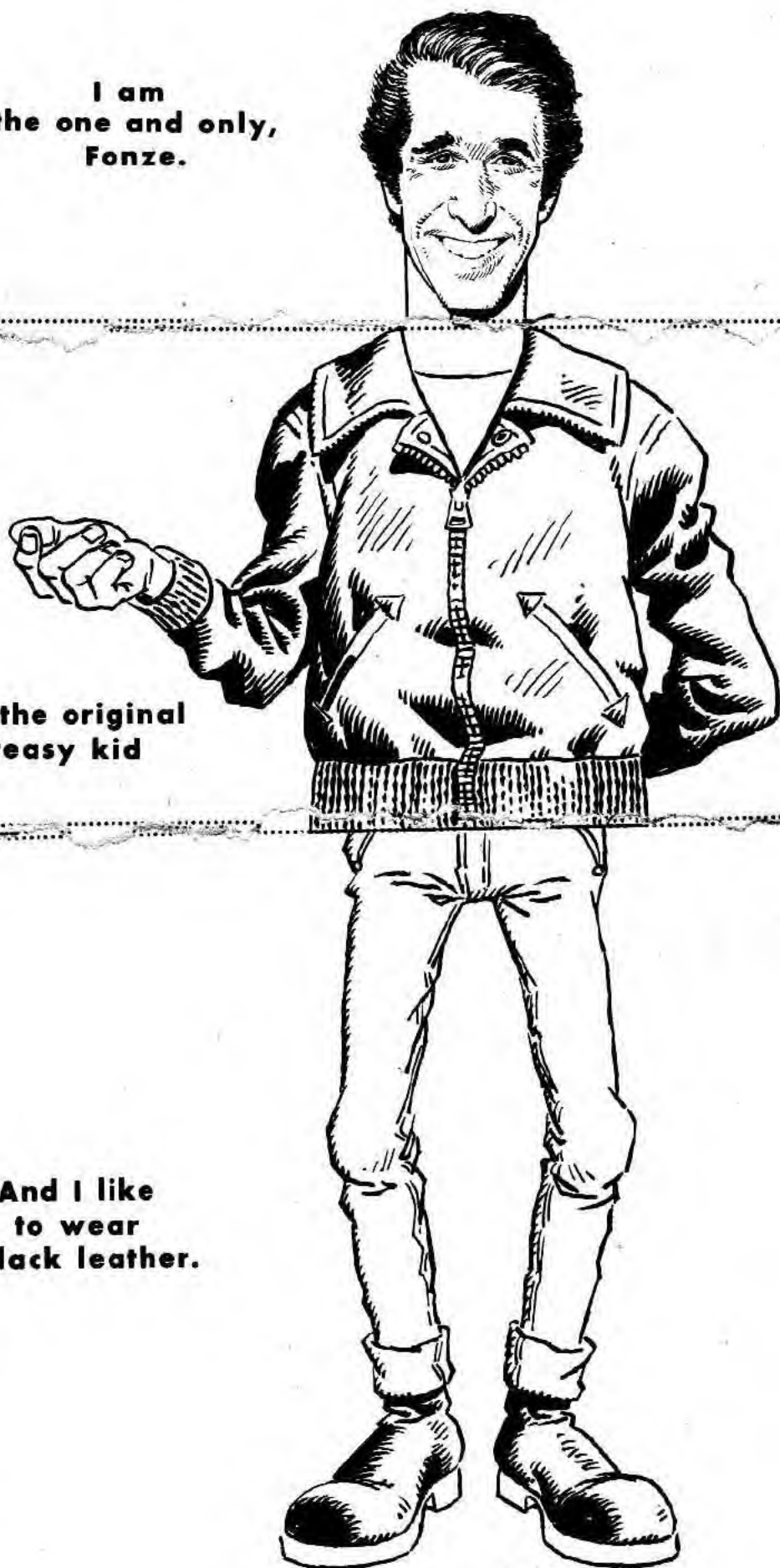
**I am
a real ladies man**

**And I don't
need Vitalis.**

**I am
the one and only,
Fonze.**

**I am the original
greasy kid**

**And I like
to wear
black leather.**





**I am the lovely
golden girl.**

**I used
to be an angel**

**And I am
America's favorite
pin-up .**

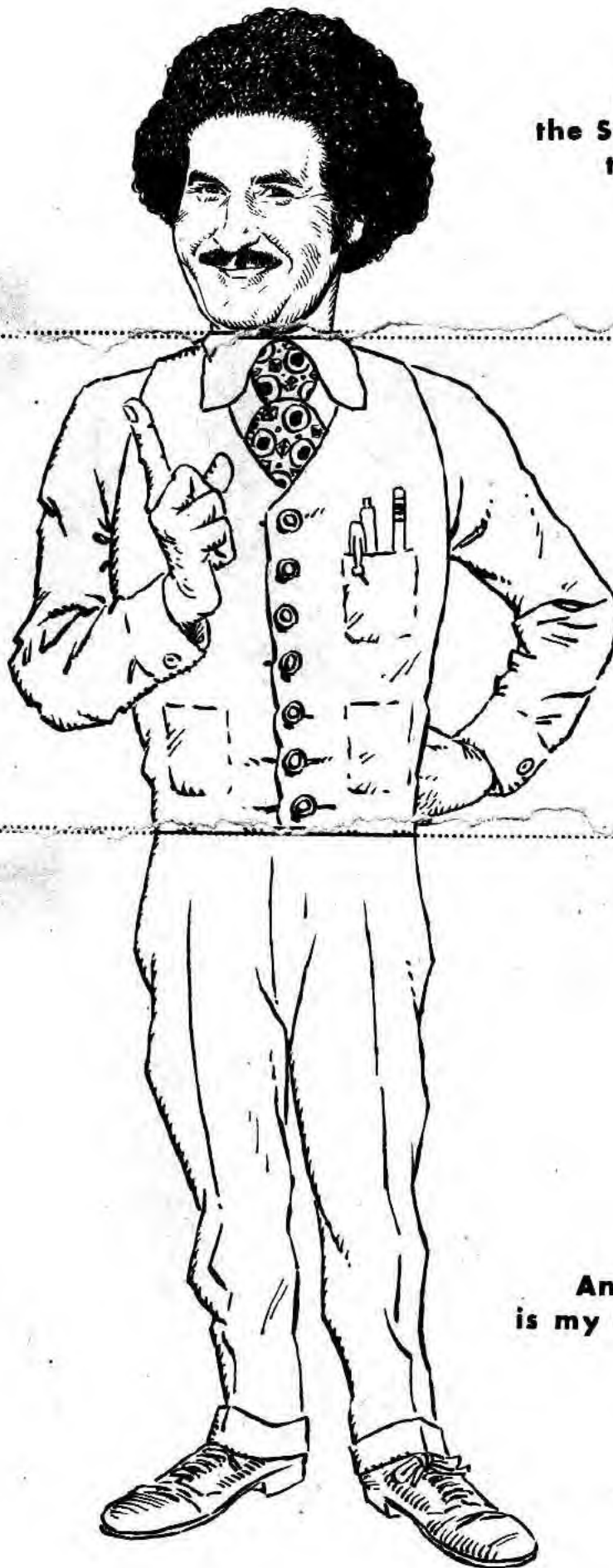
**I am
a dynamite kid.**

**I am cool
with the ladies**

**And I come
from the ghetto.**



**I am
the Sweathog's
teacher.**



**I like to
tell corny jokes**

**And Brooklyn
is my favorite place.**

**I am a
smash from MASH.**

**I am a
short person**

**And I have
good ears.**





**I am a world
famous janitor.**

**I can be seen
on the newsstands
every month**

**And I try
to keep this
magazine funny.**



A Flip-Out!

**THE NEWEST
CRACKED**



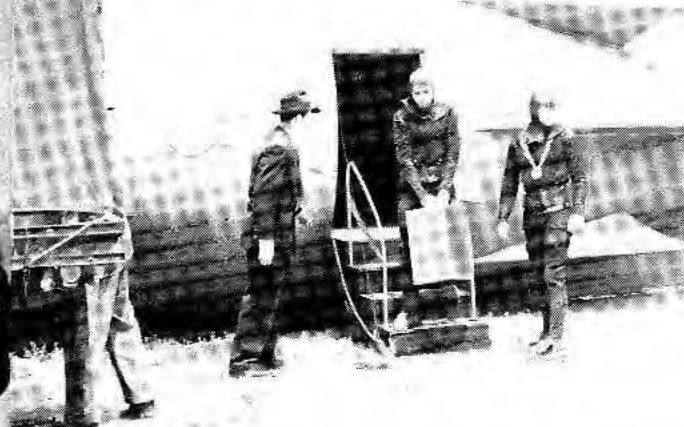
**FLIP THE
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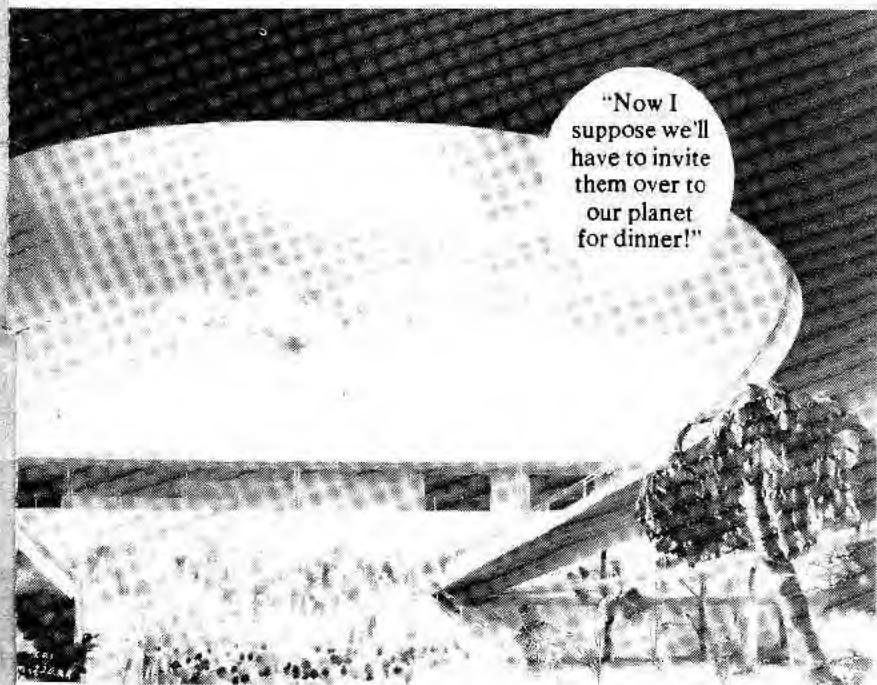
"Be careful with that! It contains your TV dinners for the flight!"



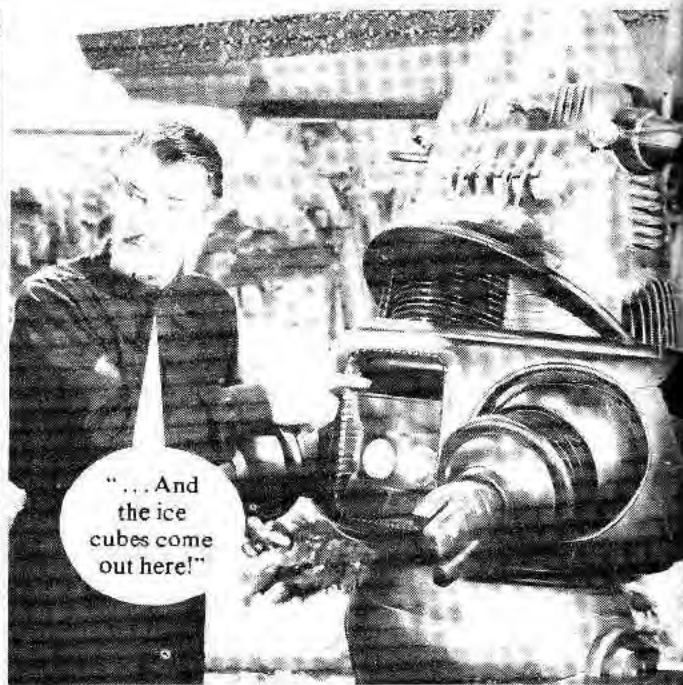
"I think we're in for big trouble. Skipper! We landed on somebody's rose bushes!"



"Now I suppose we'll have to invite them over to our planet for dinner!"



"... And the ice cubes come out here!"



"They were right! It's made out of cheese!"



"These guys are Americans, all right! Their ship is made out of plastic!"



GREAT MOMENTS IN JOURNALISM CHICAGO ILLINOIS MAY 14, 1935



FRED BLYER IS HONORED AT TESTIMONIAL
DINNER FOR WRITING FIRST STORY EVER
EXPOSING ORGANIZED CRIME.